



ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE



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FROM
BOSTON TO BOSTON

A Story of Hannah and Richard Garrett
in Old England and New England in 1630



RICHARD BEAT THE DRUM WITH VIGOR.—*Page 273.*

FROM BOSTON TO BOSTON

A Story of Hannah and Richard Garrett
in Old England and New England in 1630

By
ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE
11

Illustrated by
FRANK T. MERRILL ✓



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FROM BOSTON TO BOSTON

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*This Story of A Thirteen-Year-Old Girl
of 1630*
*Is Dedicated to PAULINE RUSSELL,
A Thirteen-Year-Old Girl
of 1930*

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE incentive and motive of this story were found in an entry in Winthrop's Journal, under date of December, 1630: a record of "one Richard Garrett, shoemaker of Boston," who sailed in a shallop from Boston to Plymouth, in that month. With him went four men and his daughter, "a young girl." The weather had been mild, but a storm of sleet with freezing temperature, overtook the shallop before Plymouth was reached. The voyagers lost their way as night came on and dropped their crude anchor, or killock, for the night. They expected to enter the harbor of Plymouth in the morning. During the night the stone in the killock slipped from its frame and the shallop drifted towards the open sea. After hours of suffering from exposure and cold, they saw signs of land, hoisted their sail, and made a landing on the shore near Eastham. Richard Garrett and one of his companions died from exhaustion and cold. Henry Harwood, one of the men, and the girl were cared for by the Nauset Indians until word, sent by Indian runners, brought aid from Plymouth. These two survivors were taken to this

8 INTRODUCTORY NOTE

earlier settlement and remained there for several weeks. Two other survivors remained, for a time, in Eastham or vicinity. The Indians buried Richard Garrett, as Winthrop narrates. In this story, following carefully the records available at the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, and elsewhere, the author has introduced some members of the Winthrop party, that sailed on the *Arbella*, and others that had already settled in Salem and Charlestown. The effort has been to portray the life of these pioneers from 1630 to 1632, blending actual events, as recorded, with some fictitious adventures that seem probable and relevant. Among later records was that of the death of "Hannah Garrett, a fatherless girl." It is not possible to verify the name of the "daughter" who sailed in the shallop, but the author has ended the story *before* that event, thus avoiding a sad ending. A few other minor liberties with dates have been taken. Stress has been laid upon the friendliness of Sagamore John to the white settlers.

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FROM BOSTON TO BOSTON

CHAPTER I

“ ARE WE REALLY GOING, MOTHER? ”

HANNAH GARRETT was running down the narrow, irregular streets of old Boston, England, as fast as her rather short legs and very long skirts would permit. In spite of her haste and excitement, she did not forget her mother's warning: “ Be careful, daughter, not to fall down and soil your flowered kirtle or lose your blue-bird locket.” She *had* been careful, and her best gown and lace collar were neither soiled nor torn. Her dearest possession, the blue-bird locket, was safe on its tiny gold chain; she had kept one hand in guard upon it, as she ran.

This locket, with its bright blue color of a bird's plumage against a circle of white and gold, had been bought for her nearly a year before by Aunt Prudence, who had come from Lincoln to Boston for her annual visit at the time of the great Fair, on the Mart in Boston, which opened on St.

Andrews' Day in late November. Amid the cattle and poultry, the linen and homespun, was one booth where merchants from Holland sold their jewelry and toys. It was a proud day in Hannah's life when she had carried home this locket and her mother had locked it safely in the small jewel-box which Lady Arbella had given her. "You must keep this locket until you are a young lady," her Aunt Prudence had said. "It is too costly to wear except upon rare occasions."

To-day had been one of the "rare occasions," for Hannah had been invited to the manor-house of Lady Arbella to play with two girls of about her own age, nieces of Isaac Johnson, the kind husband of Lady Arbella. After some quiet games and a story from the Bible, read to them by Lady Arbella, they had been treated to cheese-cakes and goat's milk, and Hannah had been given some cakes to carry home to her brother and sister. The visit had been exciting, but far more so was a word that she had overheard about "going to New England in the spring." She was eager to ask her mother if it were true.

Now she was at the gate of her thatched cottage, breathless and so agitated that she almost stumbled over her petticoat. She stepped on the paw of her grey kitten, asleep on the door-stone. Tabby

gave a sharp, surprised *mew* and ran into the rose-bushes, to give "first aid," with her tongue, to the insulted paw.

"I'm sorry, kitty," said Hannah as she pushed open the door. "I didn't see you there, for I was trying to hold up my skirts. I'll give you some milk soon to make you happy, but now I must find Mother. Mother, where are you? Are we really going?" she panted, as she burst into the room.

Her mother, knitting socks by the fireplace, put one finger on her lips for silence and pointed to the settle where a young girl was asleep.

"No, I won't wake up Faith"—Hannah lowered her voice—"but tell me, Mother, are we really going?"

"Going where?" interrupted her brother, Richard, four years older than Hannah, who was drawing charts at a small table near the one window. "Going where, gadfly?" he repeated.

"Going to New England; but I don't like to be called such a horrid name as gadfly. Richard shouldn't call me *that*, should he, Mother?"

"Nay, Richard, a gadfly is not a pretty name for your sister," said Mistress Garrett, as she smiled kindly at the flushed face of Hannah.

"That's just what she is," persisted Richard. "She is always gadding and buzzing around ask-

ing questions. *Who* says we are going to New England? Is it true, Mother? Are *we* going with Isaac Johnson and Thomas Dudley?"

"Who is asking questions, now?" laughed Hannah, as she took off her cape and knitted hood, and shook out her long, dark hair.

"Children! Do be *quiet*, or you will waken little Faith, and it was not easy to get her to sleep. She has been restless with a bad ague in her ear."

"She is sound asleep now, Mother, and if we talk in low tones she will not hear us," urged Hannah. "So *please*, tell us, are we really going to cross the ocean in a big ship and, perhaps, see Indians as Mary Chilton did in Plymouth?"

"God protect us from the wild seas and the yet wilder savages, if we leave our comfortable home here for unknown perils. Yet your father is ever eager for tests of courage and adventures. Yes, he fain would go in the ship with John Winthrop and Thomas Dudley and Isaac Johnson."

"And shall *we* go with him, Mother? Oh, do say we *shall!*" begged Hannah.

"It is a fearsome thing for women and children to cross the stormy seas, and I know not yet whether *we* shall go or abide at home until the settlement is made safer. And yet Isaac Johnson told your father that his wife, Lady Arbella, frail

woman though she be, was determined to go with him."

"Yes, Mother, she *is* going. I heard her say so this afternoon to Mistress Dudley and her daughter, Anne Bradstreet. They are going—and Stephen and Adam Winthrop. One of the ships that was called the *Eagle* is to be named the *Arbella*, so Mistress Dudley said. I hope we shall go in *that* ship."

"Probably, *you* won't go in any ship," interrupted her teasing brother. "You would be only a girl who could not help much in the settlement. I could hew timber with the men, and I know I could draw plans for houses and forts. I would much rather build houses than make shoes as Father has done so many years."

"Simon Bradstreet was talking with your father," said Mistress Garrett, "and I heard him say, 'Surely, Richard Garrett, your trade will be needed as much in the New England as it is in the Old.' Father seemed much pleased and he answered, with his care-free laugh, 'Aye, even more so; for old shoes will need frequent repairs, and new shoes will need heavier lasts, where the only roads are Indian trails.'"

"If I *am* only a girl I could help in the new settlement, for Lady *Arbella* said there would be

work aplenty for women and children," urged Hannah, with a look of challenge at Richard. "I can help Mother cook the meals and mend the clothes, as I do at home. Oh, I nearly forgot my message from Lady Arbella to you, Mother. Here is a lace collar which needs a few new threads where it has broken"—she took from her long pocket a carefully folded handkerchief with the collar inside—"Lady Arbella bade me present her compliments to you as a fine sempstress and she asks if you will mend this lace for her."

"Aye, I will do my best to make the beautiful lace as good as new. This was one of Lady Arbella's wedding gifts that I opened for her, when it came in a packet from Brussels," she added as she examined the collar. "If we are to leave our homes for the cold, barren shores of New England, we shall have little need of fine laces and satin pelisses, I fear me. It will be well for us if we find food and rude shelter against the cold and attacks by the Indians."

"I will carry a gun when I go to hew timber," said Richard, taking down an old musket from above the fireplace and balancing it on his shoulder as he paced the floor. "I would like to shoot down a few of those painted red men when they come prowling around to attack us."

“How do you know they all do prowl around and attack people?” Hannah asked. “Mayhap we shall find some Indians that are friendly, as was that guide at Plymouth, that our vicar, John Cotton, told us about, the same one who taught the settlers how to plant their corn with little fishes in the hillocks, and told them where they could find wild fowl and nuts.”

“Go now, Richard,” said their mother, fearful of further disputes. “Go and help your father finish his lasts—and be careful not to waken Faith when you go out of the door. And you, Hannah, put on your everyday gown and take up your knitting. We shall need all the warm socks we can make before we leave this land of comfort.”

“*That* means we are really going, really going, Tabby,” whispered Hannah to her kitten that had entered with a plaintive *mew* when Richard opened the door. She took the pet in her arms and skipped about for a moment, with imminent danger lest Tabby’s sharp claws should tear her lace collar or break the thin gold chain which held the blue-bird locket.

“How soon do we sail, Mother?” called Richard from the open door.

“Oh, I know not! God grant it may be warm weather and smooth seas! Now, Hannah, put

down that cat and take off your holiday clothes. Pick up that ball of yarn quickly before Tabby chases it," she added, as the cat jumped down with mischief in her eyes. Balked of her prey, when Hannah had rescued the ball of yarn from Tabby's claws, the cat completed the awakening of little Faith by springing upon the settle and playing with the lute-string ribbands which were hanging down from Faith's braided hair. The little girl was rested by her sleep, and stroked the kitten while Hannah and her mother knitted socks, the former with exciting visions of the sea voyage to New England, the latter with sad thoughts of leaving the home-land for unknown dangers and discomforts.

CHAPTER II

DAYS OF ADVENTURE AND MEMORY IN OLD BOSTON

THE low, grey cottage of Richard Garrett, shoemaker to the residents of Boston and vicinity, stood on one of the irregular streets that clustered about the Mart, or market place, where the May Fairs had been held for generations and where the City Cross was still standing. The Grammar School, built on the site of an old Friary, was near Hannah's home, and she would watch Richard and the other boys as they went to this school, a brick building with jutting front and arched windows, that bore the date, 1567, when it had been erected in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Hannah wished she might have a horn-book to hang around her neck on a cord, or carry under her arm, as the boys carried theirs, and that she might learn to read, write, and cipher. But she feared that such a wish was wrong—for little girls were told that they must abide at home and learn to knit, spin, and cook. They might listen to their fathers and brothers when *they* read from books or told tales from history—and Hannah listened eagerly to

many facts that she retold to little Faith when they went to their tiny chamber under the thatched roof to "go to sleep," but often to lie awake and talk in low tones, as they heard the wind howl or the waves lap the shore when a storm stirred up the quiet waters of the river Witham.

One of Hannah's most graphic tales was about the "High Tide" on the coast in 1571. This swept over the sea-wall of Boston, covering the market place and the streets of Bargate and Wormgate, and compelling many people to find shelter on the roofs until the boatmen could rescue them and row them to higher land beyond the fens. Mother had added her girlhood memories of the account of this flood-tide, which had been told to her when she was employed in the manor-house of the Countess of Lincoln at Sempringham.

"The beacon burned steadily in the lanthorn tower of Saint Botolph's church, three hundred feet high; its light could be seen forty miles away on a clear night," Mother had said. "At that time there were bells in the belfry tower. When there was danger from pirates or other enemies, the bells would ring chimes of warning. On that night of the 'High Tide,' they played 'The Bride of Enderby,' a tune that always foretold disaster."

"I hope there will be a beacon light in some

tower on a hill in New England," said Hannah. "Perhaps we shall live in some place that will be called Boston."

"Little chance of that, daughter," her father said with a smile. "We expect to find refuge in Salem for a time, with Governor Endicott and his settlers, or some of us may go to Mishawum, that is already called Charlestown, where are other families who sailed two years ago from England."

With his superior knowledge, Richard would explain to his sisters how the name, Boston, came into being. "It was first Botolphtowne, in honor of Saint Botolph who founded it and whose statue used to be on the toll-gate of the old sea-wall. Then it was called Botolston in a shorter form, and, finally, Bot-os-ton, or Boston."

Mother told them about the noble cathedral and the old Guildhall of Lincoln, where she had lived as a girl. Here William the Norman had one of his great castles which was still standing, although it had been captured and partially destroyed three times.

"Father said he might take me to Lincoln some day, on horseback, when he goes there to get tanned leather," Richard boasted.

"It is a long journey—close by thirty miles,"—was his mother's serious answer. "Much of the

way is over the fen country, marshy and treacherous for horsemen in the spring season. Well do I remember last spring when John Winthrop and his brother-in-law, Emanuel Downing, rode to Lincolnshire to see Isaac Johnson, and they fell in the bog."

"How did they get out, Mother?" Hannah queried.

"Father and William Vassell, with Thomas Leverett's ox-team rescued them and their horses." With an effort to conceal a smile, she continued, "I was called by Lady Arbella to help clean their linen the next day, and to mend some rents in John Winthrop's white ruff. It was a humiliating adventure for such men."

Often during the evenings of that cold winter of 1629-1630 the talk around the Garrett fireside was about the New England to which they were to sail in the spring. Sometimes, Hannah was allowed to stay up beyond her bedtime to listen, curled up on the settle in a warm rug. She would watch the embers glow and die away, seeing visions of the excitements on shipboard and the possible adventures in the new country. She had her father's zest for action and his defiance to fear; she could not fully understand why her mother seemed so sad at thoughts of leaving England.

Richard would tell the family about the facts narrated by the master of the Grammar School. He tried to make some charts of the coast of New England. His father declared, with a laugh, that Richard used more strips of leather, tied together with hemp, for his maps than *he* would to make a pair of shoes.

“But they are only scraps, sir, not any large pieces—only what you have thrown away from your bench,” Richard explained with rising color and defense.

“Surely, lad, you may use all the scraps you need for your charts; and they are well-made, a credit to your skill and your teacher.”

“The master says that Captain John Smith has made an excellent map of the coast of the new world,” Richard explained. “When he sailed from England in 1614, in two ships, he explored all the coast from Virginia to the north and called it New England. After he came home he made a map of the coast and gave names to some of the places, like Cape Ann, Cape Elizabeth, and Plymouth.”

“Was it John Smith who gave the name of Plymouth to the place where Carver, Bradford, and Elder Brewster settled ten years ago?” asked Mistress Garrett. “I had thought it was so called

because *The Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, England, after leaving Leyden, when the company was crowded into one ship."

"No, Mother, Captain John Smith had already placed the name, Plymouth, on his map. He was a daring explorer, and I wish I might see one of his charts."

A few days later Hannah and her mother were waiting for the return of Richard and his father for the evening meal. Faith was playing with Tabby on the hearth-rug, making the kitten spin around in quest of a small woolen ball. "Better stir the porridge again, Hannah, lest it become thick and stick to the bottom of the skillet. I wonder where your father and Richard can be. It is a night of frost and sleet outside, and the warmth within will be welcome to them."

As Mistress Garrett was speaking the door opened, letting in a draught of cold wind, and there were sounds of a man stamping his feet on the threshold. "There is Father—I never can mistake his footsteps—and Richard will be with him. Take the trenchers to the fire where they will be warm for the porridge, and bring the loaf from the oven," was her mother's word to Hannah, as she helped her husband to take off his long cape and shake off the frozen drops from his beaver hat.

“ ’Tis a bleak, cold night outside, goodwife, and the fire looks as cheerful as the loaf smells enticing. Bring you my boot-jack, Hannah, and I will draw off these heavy, damp shoes and warm my feet before the fire.”

“A bad night, indeed, and the beacon light of Saint Botolph will be a life-saver, perchance, to mariners and seafarers if such are on the river to-night. But where is Richard? Did you send him on some distant errand? I thought he would come home with you,” asked the mother.

“Richard? Richard? Why, isn’t he here?” asked the father, looking about in surprise. “I sent him to John Cotton’s house with a pair of shoes that had been resoled, more than an hour ago. Our good minister must have kept him for a talk and a cup of tea; he is greatly interested in our boy, goodwife, and often tells me that Richard will make a man of strong mind and noble character. How about dipping our spoons into the porridge in the trencher while it is warm. The lad will soon be here to join us.”

It grew darker and colder; the wind howled down the chimney and through the cracks of door and one window. An hour passed, and Richard did not appear. His mother became more and more restless and anxious; she shivered at the

sound of the sleet and wind and, in spite of all her determination to keep cheerful and not harbor any tragic fears, her thoughts *would* turn to those two graves in the churchyard beside Saint Botolph's. Here were buried two little boys who had died, one of them from fever but the other from an infection of the lungs, after he had been lost for two days in the fen country, where he had followed some strolling gypsies. But *they* were young children and Richard was almost a man—so she comforted herself, and yet she returned again and again to the door, to listen for a footstep, or open for a second to look down the narrow street. Only the wind and storm could be heard; only the lanthorn in Saint Botolph's tower could be seen in the inky blackness.

Hannah shared her mother's restlessness but she tried to assure her that Richard *must* be safe. "Perchance he is looking at the books in the vicarage library, Mother, for he said the minister told him he might read about King Richard there, or he may have stopped to see Thomas Leverett about those hockey-sticks that they were planning to make."

"Richard is not a boy to be so thoughtless of the feelings of others," said his mother, with a catch in her voice. "I fear something has hap-

pened to him in the darkness. There were two strange-looking men yesterday, who seemed to be lurking about the Grammar School when the boys came out. Oh, I do not know what would happen to us all if aught of ill came to Richard!"

"There, there, goodwife, don't worry—the lad is all right. But if you cannot rest in peace until he comes, I will go to the vicarage, where I feel sure he is reading as Hannah suggests, and bring him home in safety. My boots are dry now and it is not far to good John Cotton's house. Go you to bed, Hannah, where little Faith is already asleep, and Richard and I will soon be back. I'll put another log on the fire and do you, goodwife, sit you down to knit or spin, and sing some of the hymns you love so well—and sing with such melody and faith. I'll soon be with you again."

When Hannah begged to sit up, after her father had shut the door and her mother had said to him, "God speed!", her request was not denied. They tried to knit and to recite together some psalms, like "The Lord is my Shepherd," but they listened in growing anxiety as the minutes passed into another hour—and neither father nor Richard came. "There's a light," almost shouted Hannah, on one of her frequent excursions to the tiny window. "Yes, two or three lights are coming this

way. They must have found Richard, Mother, and are escorting him and Father home because it is so dark to-night."

"An accident! Perchance there has been an accident and he is hurt." Mistress Garrett's voice trembled as she hastened to the door. Yes! here were four men with lanterns and long sticks—and she heard her husband's voice but not that of Richard.

The lights paused outside the house and Garrett came within, for a whispered word with his wife—she "must keep up her courage—and not let Hannah get frightened—for all would be well," he assured her. No, Richard was not at John Cotton's; he had left the shoes and started for home three hours before—probably he had gone around some by-path and, perhaps, fallen in the sleet and hurt his foot so that he could not walk home. They would find him all right—for John Cotton, Thomas Leverett, George Phillips, and he were all on the quest, with lanterns, and they would call Richard's name as they went along the paths, so that he would hear them and answer.

All through that cold, stormy night the men searched the lanes and the shore for Richard Garrett, holding their lanterns aloft or peering into hidden alleys or wayside tangles. They called his

name often, but only silence followed, except for occasional voices of other neighbors who had been roused by the tale of the lost lad and had joined the searchers in sympathy. Never would Hannah forget a moment of that long night-watch beside her mother! Tabby seemed to realize that her little mistress was in trouble, for she kept awake much of the time, purring softly in Hannah's lap or lapping her hand with her warm tongue. Mother never cried and seldom spoke—though her lips moved sometimes—Hannah knew that she was praying, then she would put another log upon the fire and wrap the rug more closely about Hannah.

As the dawn came, with a ruddy glow after the night of wind and storm, the men who had been out all night, returned for rest and food. The usual, happy, care-free look on the face of Richard's father was gone. He almost stumbled with exhaustion on to the settle and buried his face in his hands, without saying a word. Now his wife showed her unselfishness; she drew off his boots and wet jerkin, put out dry clothes, warmed by the fire, set the kettle over the flame and, in a few minutes, had hot broth which she urged him to drink, speaking in tones that were cheerful:

“It is almost light now, husband, and more peo-

ple will be astir to help in the search for the lad. If he is hidden, or has lost his way in the dark, he can find his way home by daylight. Do you lie down, for a little rest! And Hannah, do you go up into the loft and sleep for a little time beside Faith! You have kept a long, faithful watch with Mother."

Mercy Garrett continued *her* watch while her husband and Hannah slept. What *had* happened to Richard? Had he been victim of foul play? Had he wandered off into the bogs? Was he ill somewhere and could not get home? Hope and despair alternated in her heart, as the kettle sang on the hearth and the morning light penetrated the small window-pane. What was *that* sound? It was a *step* coming nearer. It sounded like Richard's step—for she had a keen ear for different footsteps. She must be dreaming! She must not let herself cherish false hopes! But the step was on the doorstone. It *was* Richard. He was opening the door quietly and peering inside, as if he feared he might disturb the sleeping family.

Richard was shivering with cold and hunger. As soon as he was warmed and fed, however, he tried to make light of his night of adventure. He was sorry he had frightened his mother—she looked so white and the tears would fall down her

cheeks as she looked at him. He explained that he had had an *accident*. The schoolmaster had told the boys, the day before, that one of Captain John Smith's maps of New England might be seen in the Guildhall where valuable papers were stored. Richard had decided that *he* would see and study this map at the first opportunity.

When he left the vicarage it was still light; he would have an hour in which he could examine the precious map before he would be expected home. The custodian of the old Guildhall, John Stephenson, knew Richard well and readily granted him permission to study the treasured map, showing him how to replace it in the vault and lock the fastening with the huge key. Richard was such a favorite, both with his schoolmaster and the minister, that he could be trusted to do no harm to the map or other valuable papers. "When you have finished studying this map of the very shores where you and your father may be in another year, lock it up safely and hide the key in this cabinet," said the venerable caretaker, indicating a hidden secret drawer in the side of the wall. "Yesterday two suspicious-looking men were prowling about this town," he continued, "and they seemed intent on examining the windows of the Guildhall, on a level with the street. I re-

ported their presence to our mayor, Thomas Leverett, and they were escorted by two of the kings' guards to a shallop that has taken them to Lincoln, to the Castle, where they will be examined—for pirates are not always on the sea."

"And did these pirates come back and attack you, Richard?" asked Hannah, with breathless excitement.

"Of course not, silly, no one attacked me. I was only locked into the Guildhall and had to stay there all night."

"But where was the caretaker?" his father asked.

"Well, you see, I was so interested in that map—and I had some scraps of leather on which I tried to make a copy of a part of it—that it grew dark before I realized it. Then I put it away carefully and locked it in the vault. When I went upstairs to the door of the Guildhall I found it locked. I suppose the caretaker either forgot I was there—or, as he said this morning, he thought I had gone home already. The windows, as you know, Father, are all barred with iron and I couldn't crawl out."

"Why didn't you make an awful noise and cry for help?" Hannah asked.

"The wind and storm were making more noise

than I could," was the answer. "I thought some one would go past and I could get attention in some way, but it was so dark that I could see nothing but the Saint Botolph beacon—and then I got so drowsy that I lay down on the rug, under the Throne-chair—that was the warmest place—and fell sound asleep. The next thing I knew John Cotton was opening the door with a key, half an hour ago."

"John Cotton?" asked his father. "Our good minister was with us on the search all night among the wharves and lanes, calling for you, Richard. How did he know that you were in the Guildhall?"

"He didn't really *know* I was there, but he said he could not sleep, after he left you (for he knew how much you and Mother were suffering with fears for me), and then he suddenly recalled that I had spoken to him late in the afternoon about the map made by John Smith and my hope to see it. There was a chance that I might have stopped in the Guildhall, so he roused John Stephenson, in his home on Sibsy Lane, got the key to the Guildhall, and found me there asleep. So that is all there is to tell—except that I am very hungry, Mother."

There was a feast of rejoicing in the Garrett home that day, and John Cotton came to join the

household for his tea and a word of thanksgiving prayer. "Take care, Richard, my lad, that you do not wander off to explore and make maps in the New England, for you may not be found so quickly as you were here. You and your sisters must *lessen* the burdens of your good mother, and save her from unnecessary worries."

The first signs of spring came early in March. Hannah and Faith found some pussy willows with which they distracted Tabby until she snapped at the furry ends and choked in the effort to swallow one of them. In the garden, sprouts were almost showing green on rose-bushes that would blossom from June to September.

"What may I take with me on the voyage?" Mistress Garrett had asked her husband and he had answered with a laugh, "As little as possible." Then he added in a kindly tone, "Take some wooden trenchers and spoons, goodwife, for the porridge, and a skillet to boil a pudding in, and some leatherne bottles. Take your oaken chest, filled with coverlets and woolen garments, for we may have cold more bitter than in this country."

Within a few days they were to leave Boston and start on the long pilgrimage on the "big ship." Mistress Garrett had done her monthly washing; she and Hannah had dusted the beds and polished

the pewter and brass fire-dogs. Aunt Prudence was to live in their cottage; possibly the next year she would come to New England with their beloved minister, John Cotton. At the manor-house, Lady Arbella and Mistress Dudley had welcomed the aid of Mistress Garrett in mixing spices for the meats and squeezing the juice of many lemons. This would be a healthy relish for too much salted meats and fish—so said their good Dr. Gager. “I would much rather have some sweetmeats,” Hannah confided to Faith, who agreed, “So would I.”

They were taking a last walk with Mother through the narrow street, past the market place and Saint Botolph’s church. Mistress Garrett urged the girls always to remember these buildings and memorials in Boston. They must not forget how Hussey Castle and Rockford Tower looked in the sunset. “Here is the house of the Flemish merchant in Mitre Lane. Do you see the letters, ‘E. R.’ on the gable?” she asked. Yes, Hannah knew *that* meant “Edward Rex,” that it was built in the reign of King Edward. Then they came to the Church Alms House on Wormgate Street, near the Church, and then walked past the Guildhall. “Do you think we shall ever forget the night that Richard was locked in *there*?” Hannah asked.

“Can you tell me who laid the corner-stone of

our beloved Saint Botolph's church, which was two hundred years in building?" Mistress Garrett asked—and Hannah answered promptly and proudly: "Dame Marjery Tilney laid the cornerstone and placed five pounds sterling upon it as the first gift—and that was in 1309." "Well done, Hannah, you have not listened in vain to Richard's recitals of tales of Boston's history. Now we must hurry faster for Father will be waiting for his supper."

"Just in time, goodwife, for I must away to Isaac Johnson's to complete arrangements for our departure this day-week. The ship's master has fixed his fee as five pounds for each person and four pounds for goods, but minor children are carried free of charge."

"Not a very thrifty arrangement," laughed his wife. "Children's food costs as much as that of their elders. However, *we* are gainers, if we take *three* children."

CHAPTER III

TEN WEEKS ON SHIPBOARD

THREE loud “Booms!” sounded from the guns on the *Arbella* on Tuesday, April sixth, as the ship lifted her anchor and spread her sails, preparatory to leaving Yarmouth harbor. Were they really going out into the ocean? The children were hopping about in excitement. Hannah had shivered at first when the loud sounds came from the cannon, but she had already been on shipboard two weeks and exulted now in the noise and creaking of the sails. The children leaned over the deck-rails, or ropes, and waved their hands to those on shore.

At Southampton they had waited for final action by the Council—that was what her father called it—that elected John Winthrop as Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company. “How proud Stephen Winthrop must be of his father,” Hannah said to her mother one day; then she added, “Stephen is a nice boy to play with; he is always pleasant and doesn’t tease the girls. When Richard laughed at Faith because she went to sleep during that long sermon by John Cotton at Southampton, Stephen said, ‘Never mind, Faith. I was almost

asleep myself, but we shall miss the vicar of Saint Botolph's. Perhaps he will come to New England next year with my mother.' "

Another week had been spent at Yarmouth, waiting for favorable winds and the equipment of the other ships in the fleet. The Garrett children were very proud to be sailing in the *Arbella*, which was called the "admiral" of the thirteen ships. The *Talbot* was vice-admiral; the *Ambrose* was rear-admiral and the *Jewel* was the captain of the fleet. "Next to the *Arbella*, I like the *Jewel*," said Hannah.

Peter Milbourne, the captain of the *Arbella*, was very kind to the children and explained to them the parts of the four-masted schooner and the meaning of the salutes. Three "Booms" were sounded as a farewell to Matthew Craddock, one of the wealthy and influential promoters of the new settlement. Another salute had been given to Captain Burleigh of Yarmouth Castle, who had breakfasted with Governor Winthrop and the Captain of the *Arbella*. "He is a grand old man," said Captain Milbourne. "He was in the navy of Queen Elizabeth and won many honors in the war with Spain. For more than three years he was held prisoner by that enemy."

Another exciting day, while the ship waited in

Yarmouth harbor, had followed "a wicked deed" by two of the landsmen on a *fast day*. They had "pierced a rundlet of strong waters" and stolen some of this for themselves. Governor Winthrop, kind man as he was to old and young alike, realized that, for the good of the voyagers, these men must be severely punished. They were seized and laid in irons all night. The next morning they were brought on deck where all could see them, and "soundly whipped." Hannah was ready to cry when she saw the two men shake with fear, but her mother led her away to the cabin below and explained to her why such action was necessary for the "discipline" of the *Arbella*.

Now all the delays and "discipline" seemed past; the rain and fog had lifted, the wind was steady, and the ship's master announced that all would be given an ample dinner, in honor of their departure for the open seas. They had spiced beef and salted meat, pease, and bannock, and even a small flagon of beer for each of the *older* children. "Older" was interpreted to be eleven or more, so Hannah and Stephen Winthrop had a share, but Adam Winthrop, two years younger, and little Faith were given milk from Yarmouth cows, a supply of which had been sent to the ship by Matthew Craddock.

Then Captain Milbourne led the children in some games. They tried "blind-man's buff," but that was soon voted as "too dangerous" by the mothers, after Adam Winthrop had nearly slipped under the deck-ropes in his desperate effort to escape being caught. "Leap-frog" was more safe but less interesting, for the girls were not allowed to "leap," only to watch the boys. Sometimes they played a game of "ball and bat." "Mary and John" was a favorite, as a modified form of "blind-man's buff." All the children formed a ring by holding hands. Mary and John were "counted out" and John was blindfolded. He must catch Mary within the ring; she might crawl, or creep, or use any means of eluding him, but when caught she was blindfolded until she could catch her "John." The greatest fun was playing and singing "London Bridge is Falling Down." Hannah did actually fall down, tangled in her long, full skirts, but she laughed with the others as they shouted at her efforts to scramble up, for the ship had already begun to pitch and roll from side to side.

Another excitement, that threatened to turn a day of happiness into one of gloom for Hannah, was the discovery, when she went below at bed-time, that her blue-bird locket was missing. With

some reluctance, her mother had taken it out from their chest—and the gold jewel-box that Lady Arbella had once given her—and yielded to Hannah's urgent request that she might wear it "just this once," in honor of their sailing. When she reached the cabin, neither the locket nor the chain could be found. Hannah recalled that she had looked at it with much pride during the dinner—and that Mistress Dudley had called the attention of her daughter, Anne Bradstreet, who wrote poetry, to the lovely color and design. It must have become loosened in their games, and perhaps it had already slid down the deck and into the sea. Life began to look tragic to Hannah when she found Captain Milbourne and he could not get any trace of it. Possibly some one of the seamen might have found it and would return it for a reward? But they all looked guiltless, as they answered the Captain's questions. All the women and children grieved with Hannah and her mother—for jewelry was scarce and much treasured by these Puritans who had denied themselves many of their precious ornaments when they sailed from their English homes.

"Here it is! Found all safe and as bright as ever!" said Isaac Johnson, as he appeared at the door of the cabin, holding out the blue-bird locket

to Mistress Garrett. "It must have fallen on the deck, right into the folds of Lady *Arbella*'s rug as she sat watching the games. I was about to spread the rug over the cabin-cot when I heard a gentle, ringing sound—and there was the locket on the floor. Sleep well now, little Hannah, if you like the motion of being tossed in the cradle of the deep."

The next day there was "a big sea on." Hannah was missing, after the children had been given a frugal dinner, and her mother feared she might be ill so she sent Richard in search. He found her with Anna Pollard below deck; soon he appeared dragging them back in disgust. They had an exciting tale to tell which they had heard. "It was one of Sir Richard Saltonstall's maids," said Hannah. "She was bringing up some food from the cook-room and she fell, as the ship gave a sudden pitch, so near the grating that she might have tumbled into the hold, had not one of the ship's carpenters seen her and saved her."

"There's a lesson for you, gadfly," declared Richard. "Don't go peering and prying around this ship or you will fall—not into the hold—but into the ocean."

The *Arbella* proved too fast for her companion ships, so Captain Milbourne gave orders "to clew

up the mainsail." Richard became expert as an assistant whenever it was necessary to shift direction. "When the foretopsail is hoisted, the ship sails more steadily," he explained to the girls. "The *Mary and John* is a rival to the *Arbella* in speed," he added. "I shouldn't wonder if we had almost a race across the ocean. Most of the colonists from Devonshire and Dorset are on that ship."

"If we get safely through the needles, all will be well." Hannah had heard this strange sentence, spoken by Governor Winthrop to Captain Peter Milbourne. Running to her mother, who was sitting with Lady *Arbella* in a sheltered spot, she asked, with breathless excitement, "Mother, Mother, what kind of needles are there in the sea? Are they needles for sewing or knitting?" she said, with a laugh.

"Needles in the sea! What does the child mean?" Mistress Garrett turned to Lady *Arbella* for an answer. With a laugh that echoed that of Hannah, this gentlewoman replied: "Needles in the sea are what the seamen call the three white jutting rocks of chalk, resting on dark-colored bases in Alum Bay. When the sea is rough, they are treacherous, for they rise one hundred feet. But this is a clear day and, doubtless, we are safely through 'the needles' without any rent or rip for

the boatmen to mend, as your mother, Hannah, mends so skilfully my gowns and lace collars."

The morning of April tenth was clear and the sun was warm. The women were knitting and talking cheerfully while the children were running races, or playing "Hunt the whistle" with the seamen. Sometimes, Anna Pollard outran the boys, but Stephen Winthrop was usually in the lead.

"It may not be maidenly for these girls to romp so with the boys," said Mistress Garrett, "but we shall need less lemon juice with our meat to prevent scurvy if they get this healthy exercise."

Lady Arbella seemed to be watching, with a tense expression, a group of men near the pilot-house, including her husband, Isaac Johnson, and Governor Winthrop. They were talking with the Captain, who would turn, at intervals, to gaze through that wonderful invention, the telescope. Far off she could see sails of ships. Probably they were others of the fleet that could not keep up with the *Arbella*. Then she saw Captain Milbourne shake his head, drop the telescope, and give a sudden command to one of the sailors near him.

Governor Winthrop came towards the women and children, followed by the Captain, who shouted, in a clear, firm voice, "Clear the decks!

Send the women and children below! Get the ordnance ready for action! Arm the men with muskets!"

Excited, but without any outcry, the women left the deck. Isaac Johnson came to help Lady Arbella and he took Faith by the hand. "What is the trouble? Why are you ordered to take muskets?" his wife asked, in a low tone. When all the women were below in the cabin, he explained to her briefly: "The Captain has been watching three ships that seemed to be coming near the *Arbella* with undue haste. We cannot tell what ships they are, but they do not belong to this fleet. One of the seamen has reported that there are Dunkirkers at large, carrying thirty brass pieces each. We have not peace yet with Spain. They might be planning to capture the *Arbella* and carry the passengers into captivity in Spain, as they did not so very long ago with Captain John Smith. It is best to be prepared for any danger. We will show our enemies, if such they be, that we are not without defense."

There were few signs of outward fear among the women and children. Lady Arbella, Mistress Dudley, and Mistress Coddington, and the daughters of Sir Richard Saltonstall quieted the children. Mistress Garrett suggested that they should

all recite some of the psalms that their vicar had read so often to them. So all joined in the most familiar psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

When orders came to throw overboard some of the bedding that might catch fire from any explosion, there were inward shivers. Suddenly there was a loud report and, through the darkened port-hole they could yet see the long-continued glow of light as it flashed over the water. The Captain had shot a ball of wild-fire fastened to an arrow. "The Captain is testing his guns and proclaiming his defiance," said Mistress Dudley.

Yes, it was very exciting and she had wished for some real adventures—yet Hannah thought it might be better if they were near those "green pastures and still waters" that they had been praying for, instead of in the ocean with wild waves and possible pirates about them.

Hardly had the noise of the firearms subsided when there was a sound of laughing outside the cabin and Richard Garrett appeared at the door, shouting, "All's well! Never fear! Our enemy Dunkirkers prove to be our friends and neighbors. 'Tis the *Little Neptune* and her consorts, bound for Newfoundland. They are returning our salute. The Captain says you may all come on deck. We will have a day of rejoicing after our mock-battle."

The women trembled a little from the sudden reaction from fright to thankfulness. They must learn to face dangers and fears in this new venture. The children were noisy in their release from cabin-quiet.

“More games and tag on deck,” shouted Stephen Winthrop, leading the way.

Off Land’s End and out “into the trough of the sea” sailed the *Arbella*. On Sunday, April eleventh, there was such a stiff breeze and high sea that there was “no sermon” and many were so ill that they could not leave their bunks. The *Jewel* and the *Ambrose* collided, as they learned afterwards, without serious damage to either ship. The next day was fair with less wind, and the Captain urged all who could to come aloft for warmth and exercise. They would more quickly overcome their illness. For exercise, the seamen stretched a strong rope from the steerage to the mainmast. Then the children, and some of the men and women who were cold and shivering, stood on either side of the rope. They took hold and swayed the rope up and down, the sailors urging them on and the motion becoming more rapid, until they became warm and in good spirits.

There were days when the decks were wet by heavy seas that kept the women and children under

the hatches. "If you come on deck," said Richard to Hannah, who begged to go with him, "you might be washed overboard just as the tub was yesterday, and so we lost all our fish that was stored in it."

"I'm not a fish," Hannah promptly replied and, with equal promptness, Richard answered, "No, if you were, you might swim and escape."

For forty days the *Arbella* had been at sea. Sometimes the companion ships, especially the *Jewel* and *Ambrose*—called their "consorts" by the seamen—were near them and the officers would come in a skiff, on fair, calm days, and dine with Captain Milbourne and the Governor. At other times they were lost to sight in the fog and storm. During the first two days of May a tempest raged and the Captain of the *Arbella* watched all night; Hannah could hear him talking with some of the seamen or walking on the decks, making sure that there was no leakage or other trouble. The rations were getting low, and sometimes the children went to bed hungry for more variety of food than they could have.

Another case of "discipline" saddened the Governor and excited the children. A servant had bargained with one of the children for a box of

cakes, or “biscuits”—three pence for three biscuits a day on the voyage. It was discovered that the servant had received about forty of these biscuits and had sold them to other servants. The Governor sent for the offender; then he called the ship’s company to assemble and gave orders that the hands of this servant should be tied up to a bar and a basket filled with stones should be hung about his neck. So he stood in punishment, for two hours as a warning to young and old.

The older members of the company prayed fervently for land, but they were yet far away from their goal. Mr. Phillips and Governor Winthrop preached long sermons and the children were drilled in their Catechism. Hannah was asked by her mother to be prompter for the younger ones. Gathering the girls about her—the boys scorned to be her pupils—she asked in turn the questions which would be asked them on the Sabbath. She filled in their hesitating periods with her own quick responses to the questions: “Have you learned to know who God is?” “What must become of you if you are wicked?” To the latter question, little Faith lisped her answer: “If I am wicked, I shall be sent down to everlasting fire in Hell among wicked and miserable creatures.” Their imaginations were thrilled by such visions,

lurid though they may seem to children of our own day, and so perfect was the Catechism that the "rod of correction" was not required for any child on the *Arbella*.

Another lesson, memorized by Hannah in days in old Boston and fitted to the religious mood of the ship's company, was from Taylor's "Thumb Bible." She explained to the younger girls that John Taylor was a waterman on the Thames River in London, and that he had written Bible verses, with Latin titles, that had been printed a few years before. A copy of these had been in the school where Richard went in Boston and he had brought it home and read the verses until Hannah had learned some of them. The one about the "plagues in Egypt" was their favorite quotation:

"Ten plagues from heav'n are on the Egyptians pour'd,
Blood, frogs, lice, flies, beasts, scabs, hail thundering shower'd,
Grasshoppers, darkness, death of first born men
These were the Egyptian plagues in number ten."

"A whale! a whale! Come and see him spout!" shouted Stephen Winthrop one morning in early May and the children came running to the edge of the deck. Faith brought her doll, her constant companion, the parting gift from her aunt, and named in her honor, Prudence Truelove. Mother

had sewn in one eye in place of the blue bead that had fallen out when Faith fell down on the ship ladder at Yarmouth. To be sure, the new eye was brown rather than blue—for Mother had no beads except those of dark color—and Richard laughed at the battered face with its “cocked eye,” but the doll was very precious to Faith. The deck was slippery, and Anna Pollard was crowding against Faith so that the little girl fell at the edge of the supports. She struck her arm such a hard blow that she lost hold of her doll. In a second Prudence Truelove had fallen overboard. Faith was heartbroken at the loss of the doll and the fear that the whale might devour it.

“Don’t cry, Faith! You shall have my Dutch doll that is in the carved chest,” said Hannah consolingly. “I couldn’t bear to leave it at home, but I don’t play with dolls now. And see! the whale has disappeared and the doll is still floating on the water.” True it was that the cork doll floated until it was pulled into a skiff by sailors who were bringing the captains of the *Jewel* and the *Ambrose* to dine with the Governor. Faith went to bed happy, snuggling in her arms the doll that was all the more dear to her with its paintless face and water-soiled clothes.

In a dense fog, on June first, a baby was born on

the *Arbella*. It was well-named “Endurance,” for such had been the quality of its mother on this long passage. A week later a large pigeon alighted, in sudden flight, upon the sails, and the sailors knew that land was near. Yes—land was in sight—not very near, but visible through the strong glasses. Rocks could be seen and a few trees. Captain Milbourne thought it was Mount Monhegan, but it was Mount Desert, as it was called later. The sea was calm and some seamen went off in a skiff and caught seventy-six cod-fish, “some of them a yard and a half long,” they reported. With this “fine catch,” new zest whetted the appetites of the weary voyagers, especially among the women. A real feast was prepared with fresh fish, some dried pease and biscuits, and a small supply of beer. When they lifted sail again they were yet closer to land, passing the Three Turks’ Head, and Governor Winthrop said, in thanksgiving, “The smell of the shore will be like that of a garden.”

CHAPTER IV

ADVENTURES IN OLD SALEM

“AN Indian! A real Indian! He’s coming to the ship,” called Stephen Winthrop to Hannah and the other girls who were playing “Little Sally Waters,” on the sunny side of the deck. “Little Sally” was left with her tune and game incomplete, as they rushed forward to the prow. Yes! There *was* a tall Indian, standing up in a little boat—Richard called it a canoe. He had a head-dress with many colored feathers that came far down over his leather suit, even to his fringed leggins. With him were two companions, without the feathers; one of them had a skin of some large animal fastened on his shoulder. The Indians were talking in loud tones and pointing towards the children on the *Arbella*; sometimes they gave loud “Ughs.” Richard was anxious to get a musket and parade with it on his shoulder.

“Is this Indian coming as a friend or an enemy?” asked Governor Winthrop of Captain Milbourne, as they watched the canoe approach.

“This is a visit of greeting,” was the Captain’s

answer. "See! He comes only with two companions, and the chief is in gala attire. I think he is Masconomo, the Sagamore of the Indians at Agawam on Cape Ann."

"What did I tell you?" said Hannah, turning towards Richard. "I said we should find some Indians who were friendly. They are not all eager to scalp us, as you seem to think they are. Mayhap we shall find them more ready to help us."

"And mayhap," teased Richard, "we shall find many others who will like nothing better than to cut off your long curls and a slice of your scalp—and carry you away into captivity."

"Hush, Richard," warned his father who had joined the children as the Sagamore came aloft, smiling and bowing before Governor Winthrop, and saying, "Welcome, Englishmen!"

"You are welcome, Sagamore, and we will smoke the pipe of peace if you will join us at dinner," said Governor Winthrop with a hearty smile.

Masconomo spoke to one of his companions who slid down the side of the ship, with quick motions, and brought back from the canoe two beaver skins with much fur on them. The Sagamore held these towards the Governor who thought they were a gift and was about to thank the Indian when Captain Milbourne explained that, probably, the In-

dian wished, not to *give* the skins but to *barter* them for beads or other adornments. He added that they were especially fond of any earrings or ornaments in the form of birds or beasts.

“ You might give them your blue-bird locket,” laughed Richard as Hannah came forward to see the skins. For a second she was afraid they might find her precious jewelry—but she was sure Mother had locked it in the chest. Then Isaac Johnson, who had gone below when the Indian offered the skins, returned and held towards the Sagamore two knives and a necklace of beads. To the Captain he said, “ I will gladly exchange these for the warm skins for Lady Arbella.”

The Indians remained all day aboard the ship, smoking with the Captain and speaking a few words in English to the Governor, Thomas Dudley, and Isaac Johnson. The children were interested in the paint on the face of the Sagamore and the strange designs on his leggins and shoes that were called moccasins. “ I wonder if Father will make shoes like those,” Hannah queried to her mother. “ If he does, I am sure I could embroider them with beads and those queer quills, if we could find some like them.” One of the Indians seemed much interested in a top that Richard was whittling from a piece of wood. Richard was an expert

at such work, and the top was soon smooth and well-pointed. The Indian slid down the ship's side again, and came back from the canoe with a pair of bone dice which he handed towards Richard, with one hand, holding out the other hand to indicate that he would make an exchange.

The ship, the *Lyon*, with Captain Pierce, was already in Salem Harbor, where it had arrived a few days before the *Arbella*. Governor Endicott came with this Captain to call upon Governor Winthrop the day after the visit of the Indians. On his invitation the Governor, Thomas Dudley and some other men and a few of the "gentle-women" went ashore the next day to "sup on good venison and beer" at the home of Governor Endicott. Lady *Arbella* remained on shore, as did Mistress Coddington and Mistress Dudley. Meanwhile in another small boat, other women and many of the children were taken to land for a few hours. They found some wild strawberries which they gathered—and ate with great relish. How good it was to skip and run on the sandy shore. They rolled on the grass and plucked sprays of wild roses that grew among the rocks. Pink and fragrant roses! They might almost think they were again in England—only the roses were smaller and the petals dropped off more quickly. The girls tossed



HELD TOWARDS THE SAGAMORE TWO KNIVES AND A NECKLACE
OF BEADS.—*Page 57.*

off their hoods and ran races. Faith Garrett forgot to put on her hood again, and it was not missed until they returned to the *Arbella*. Her mother was so happy at their safety and release from the ship that she did not reprove the little girl for carelessness.

A salute of five pieces of ordnance the next day, June 14th, at midday, announced the formal arrival of the *Arbella* in Salem Harbor. Gradually the voyagers were taken to land, with their goods, as fast as lodgings and supplies could be found for them. "Such store of food as we can share shall be yours," said Governor Endicott to his comrade, Governor Winthrop. "Our numbers, unhappily, exceed our resources. Some of the ships that have arrived during the last six months have failed to unload their provisions and cattle here but shipped them to Virginia and elsewhere. In truth, we shall be compelled to release many of our bound servants, whose passage has been paid from England, and send them back, because we cannot give them food and shelter. However, there is an abundance of fish and lobsters, and berries of many kinds for the children to gather. Soon there will be nuts and wild plums and elderberries so that our good wives can make wine for us."

“Forget not the tonic of our dry, clear air and sunshine,” said the teacher of the Salem colony, Francis Higginson, who had joined the two Governors. “A sup of New England air is better than a whole draught of old England’s ale.”

“The supply of ‘old England’s ale’ and other food is scarce in the *Arbella*,” whispered Richard Garrett to William Coddington. “However, the *Whale* will soon be here with some of our supplies. As soon as we land our women and children, we might make up a posse of men with muskets and bag some of the wild fowl about here. Increase Nowell says they are plentiful about Naumkeag, or Salem as they call it now, so he was told by Peter Palfrey yesterday. The men go a-fowling in canoes like those of the Indians, made of pine-trees, scooped out about two feet wide.”

“May I go a-fowling with you, Father?” asked young Richard. “I can shoot and hit the mark.”

“Later, perhaps, you may go with us but now you are needed, with Samuel Dudley and the other older boys, to help the women unload their goods and to put up tents and shelters. There seemed to be only a few houses, besides that of Governor Endicott in the settlement, in spite of favorable reports of this ‘goodly land’ that we heard in England.”

“The boys can go out with the fishermen and gather lobsters,” said William Coddington, “for they are plentiful in June and July, and full of juicy meat.”

Governor Endicott, who had joined the group added his word, with a friendly hand on Richard’s shoulder: “The older lads can cut pine branches to use at night for fire-knots and for warmth on cold, rainy days. They serve, also, to scare away the wolves from the cattle at nightfall.”

“Yet another service they have,”—it was Francis Higginson who spoke—“to smoke out the small gnats, that the Indians call muskeetoes. They swarm in the early summer. If they get into the cabins at night they are a sore nuisance, especially when they bite young children.”

“We from old Boston know this pest well,” rejoined Garrett. “They are found around the fens of Lincolnshire. That will be another condition to make us feel at home—but less welcome than the fragrant wild roses. That must be an Indian encampment across the creek from the settlement.”

In tents of cloth and shelters, made by bending cedar boughs and hanging rugs and mats before the entrance, the men and older children were to be housed in this new settlement. As they approached the land, in the shallop, they saw cliffs

and fissures and a wide beach on which some of the Salem boys and girls were gathering clams.

"Raccoons like to dig clams," said the seaman who was piloting the skiff.

"What are raccoons?" Hannah asked, with that promptness that always indicated her keen interest.

"They are queer-looking animals, generally grey with some spots of black and white and a very bushy tail. They climb trees and are friendly. The Indians sometimes keep them in their wigwams as pets. At moonlight they come to the beaches and dig clams with their long claws."

What an exciting place this new land must be, thought Hannah, with real Indians and wolves and raccoons. She hoped there would be some dogs and cats, for she missed her Tabby. "May I sleep in a tent, and may I go with Richard to gather lobsters?" she asked her father, eager for some mild adventures.

"Nay, you and Faith will remain with Mother in one of the houses, for Mother must care for Lady Arbella. But you can dig clams and gather seaweed for Mother to use in making jelly."

"Anna Pollard says she will be the first to step ashore, as Mary Chilton did at Plymouth," persisted Hannah, "but I hope I can be the first."

"Anna Pollard is a romping girl, and you will

stay with Faith and keep fast hold of her hand, so she or you may not fall into the water. You will find adventures enough in this new land, little daughter, without seeking dangers," and her father smiled at the flushed face of the excited girl.

As Governor Endicott had said, the supplies of food at Naumkeag were scanty, with the exception of fish, fowl and berries. The name of the place, Salem, meant "bosom of consolation"—but there was much sickness there. Dr. Samuel Fuller had come from Plymouth, to care for the ill people, but his supplies of medicine were meagre. Often he could only resort to "blood-letting" to reduce fevers. "We need more juice of lemons and bitter herbs," he said, "but soon sassafras will be ready to gather. Dandelions are good for children, when boiled and seasoned. The newcomers like not the taste of Indian corn, and they wish for the oatmeal and grains of old England. But *this* corn has agreed well with the health of the Plymouth settlers, and may be cooked in many ways."

The extreme heat of late June and early July was hard on the women, for their vitality had been reduced by the seventy-six days aboard ship. The children were urged by Dr. Fuller and their mothers to find shade under the trees on the hill-

sides, or to stay in their tents during the heat of midday. Samuel Dudley who was one of the most efficient young men—(he was to marry Mary Winthrop, the daughter of the Governor, when she should come with her mother the next year)—was the first victim of sunstroke. He was obliged to stay in bed for several days while his mother and sister, Patience, with Hannah to help them, filled leather bottles with cold water for compresses on his head.

“Petals three, let them be,” said Dr. Fuller one afternoon to Hannah when she came in with a badly swollen, throbbing hand. “Poison ivy” was its cause, he explained—with its three petals and shining leaves—and it grew among the rocks where the children often gathered roses and honeysuckles. “Put some damp sand on it, and a little of this balsam,” said the good doctor, “and *don’t rub* it, for the poison will spread, if you do.” Not such an easy lesson to remember, as Hannah found to her sorrow when the other hand began to swell.

“Let’s go down to the rocky shore and play ‘stone tag,’ after the sun goes down,” said Stephen Winthrop, always eager to help both in work and play. Yes, that would be better than just to sit down and think how much her hands burned. There were some big, flat stones that served as

“gools” in this tag game, and several could play at a time. Hannah had made a new friend in Desire, the daughter of John Hewson, the Salem shoemaker, and she came with two other girls and a jolly boy, named Jeremiah Trask. His father was the drummer of the colony, and had a sorrel horse which he promised Richard he might ride some day as far as the Three Turks’ Head. He told Hannah, who still mourned for her Tabby, that he could get a kitten for her from Mistress Anne Dixy, and she went to sleep with happy thoughts, in spite of itching fingers.

On a sultry day when the sun was veiled in clouds, the children were on the beach, gathering sea-moss and shells. Hannah and Desire had led the others to “the singing beach” where, by moving their feet slowly in the sand, they could make a sound almost like that of music. This was due, Desire explained, to some “metal” in the sand at this beach. Their shoes were soon filled with sand and they sat down, in the shade of an oak-tree above the beach, to shake this out. “Father will have to make me some new shoes soon,” Hannah said, as she looked at the soles that were becoming frayed and thin by so much exploring of this new country. “He is too busy helping the Governor just now to make shoes, for he has gone with him

and three other men to find some other place for our settlement, so Mother told us this morning."

"Would that mean you would go away from Salem?" asked Desire Hewson, with troubled voice at the thought of losing her new-found playmate.

"Yes, I hear we are all to go to a place called Mishawum, or Charlestown, where there are more houses and more food. I wish you could come with us."

"Oh, I know where that place is. Roger Conant and Thomas Graves went there from Salem and Father says they have 'a great house' there and will build a house for Governor Winthrop. But I'm hungry. Let's eat our lunch."

They had been given some biscuits and lobster, including several of the lobster claws. The juicy, milky taste of the latter appealed especially to the children; it was such fun to suck these "funny claws"—almost like having milk. The air grew hotter and more humid. The dark clouds were gathering in the southwest and distant rumblings were heard.

"I wonder if Richard and the fishermen will be caught in a thunder-storm," Hannah queried. "They have gone to the fishing-banks off Marble Haven where they heard sturgeon could be found;

they would ship back some of this fish to England when the *Arbella* returns. Oh, that thunder shower is coming near! We had better run home."

"There is a small boat away off from shore, but coming this way. Perhaps Richard is in that," said Stephen Winthrop as they all ran for shelter. As he spoke a loud report of thunder followed closely upon a flash of blinding lightning. They stopped for a moment under the jutting edge of a rock, but Hannah urged them on to a tent that they could see in a near-by field. Then came another bolt that struck the water and seemed to break into a dozen sparks of brilliant fire. The children screamed, but Hannah said they were in no danger—only they must run because it would rain soon and they would get wet. The grass was tall and stiff, and she almost lifted Faith over the reeds.

There was not a moment to lose; the rain was beginning to fall in a few big drops, and a sudden gale of wind was bending the grasses and the tops of the birch-trees and shrubs. Thunder seemed to come from two directions at once. Hannah recalled a day in old Boston, the previous summer, when Hussey Tower and the Guildhall had been struck in a fearful storm that Mother called "the meeting of two angry thunder-clouds"—but

Father told her they were not "angry," only filled with hot air that exploded in the heat.

"I was worried about you and the children, Hannah," was her mother's greeting to her when the storm had passed and a beautiful rainbow was seen as the sun shone through the dark clouds. "I'm glad you took shelter in the tent. I suppose Richard is back safely?"

Should she tell her mother that she feared Richard had been out in the storm and, perhaps, was not yet back in the harbor? She decided not to answer the question for the moment, for her mother was already anxious about Lady Arbella's increasing weakness.

It was well that Mistress Garrett did not know what danger threatened Richard when the storm broke. The small shallop with its one sail was making good headway towards the harbor when the sudden gale struck it and nearly tipped it over. The boat leaped up and down, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Salt spray blinded the eyes of the pilot and the men. It grew so dark they could see only in the flashes of lightning. Richard wondered if there were sharks in that deep water into which he expected, every moment, to be tossed. He thought of his father and his mother and he tried to remember some Bible texts that John

Cotton had taught the boys at Saint Botolph's. The boat was filling with water. Suddenly it capsized and the men, with the supply of fish, were thrown into the sea.

As Richard sank, he tried to hold his breath and to close his mouth, as the boys were taught to do when they were given swimming lessons in the river Witham, in old Boston. He was rising now but, probably, he would sink again twice—and then he would surely drown. If only he could catch hold of the shallop's edge or swim, as he saw two of the men were doing. He felt a grip on his shoulder and he was dragged into—not their shallop but another skiff in which he saw Increase Nowell at the helm, trying to keep the boat from upsetting in the heavy sea and wild wind. They had seen the shallop struck by the gale and had come to the rescue. Richard remembered now that he had thought some one called his name, as he sank into the water—but he feared it was only a dream. *Now* he knew the voice—that of Samuel Dudley, who was pulling him into the little boat and rubbing his hands and legs. He tried to speak, but he found himself faint and shivering.

Dry clothes were given to Richard and his companions, with warm broth and a flagon of ale. Not until he was all over his dizziness was his mother

told of his danger and escape. She cried a little from thanksgiving and said a psalm of gratitude, as the family gathered for the evening prayers, led by Mr. Skelton. Hannah kept close beside Richard and tried to hold his hand that seemed very cold. She realized how much she loved this big, teasing brother. "To think, Richard, that you might have been drowned," she said, with a catch in her voice, but he answered, with a return of his bravado, "Well, I wasn't—but we lost the big fish we caught, and that is too bad."

Governor Winthrop and his deputy, Thomas Dudley, had returned from Charlestown with report of better lodgings and more food. "The Indians are very friendly there and will barter with us for corn and venison," Dudley assured those who had gathered to hear their report. The transportation would take many days, perhaps even weeks, for the log-houses must be built and goods stored before the families came in large numbers. "The *Arbella* and the *Lyon*, whose Captain Pierce is our good friend, will help us to make this change of location."

But before Governor Winthrop should leave Salem permanently, Governor Endicott had a pleasant mission for him to perform. In the

fleet had come Mistress Elizabeth Gibson of Cambridge, England, and she was to marry the Salem Governor, who had lost his first wife the previous winter. Masconomo had brought into the colony, to the Governor's house, a haunch of venison and some freshly-caught bass. He was invited to return the next day for the marriage, to be performed by Governor Winthrop and John Wilson. A feast for the families of the "gentlefolks," including their children, was to follow. As Mistress Garrett was the companion and nurse of Lady Arbella, she and her older children were invited by Isaac Johnson to join him at the wedding feast.

Hannah was permitted to wear her "very best" petticoat and lace collar, with her blue-bird locket on the gold chain. The bride was so lovely in her dainty, embroidered lace cap and mitts, and her satin shoes, that Hannah found it hard to keep her eyes on her trencher. They had "curds and cheeses" after the meat and fish had been eaten. The Governor drank "a toast"—and made a rather long speech—in honor of the newly-married friends. Then all sang the Doxology and the guns sounded the sunset boom, with an extra salute of honor for Mistress Endicott.

It was still light, although the sun was setting—for the summer solstice was just past. Mistress

Garrett returned to her patient and Hannah wandered along the path for a little walk before she went back to take off her best gown and her treasured jewel. She would be very careful not to stub her toe or get too much sand in her silken shoes. Perhaps she had better walk along the highway and say "Good-night" to Desire Hewson and show *her* the blue-bird locket—for she had not been invited to the wedding feast.

Mistress Hewson said that Desire and her older sister had gone for a walk towards the west; she would probably find them near "Wigwam Rock." Already this odd-shaped rock had become a favorite resort for the children. It was well named, for its sides (about fourteen feet high) rose at an angle into a peak so that, from a distance, it looked just like a wigwam. The Indians often came thither to meet each other, or to transact any business with the white settlers in Salem or vicinity. Francis Higginson had told the young people, in one of his lessons, that the Indians regarded rocks with a special reverence. They believed that the spirit of their god, the Great Spirit, Manitou, rested upon the rocks, so that they shared in spirit, if not in words, the Biblical text: "The Lord is my Rock and my Defense."

As Hannah hurried along towards the Wigwam

Rock, she could see Desire and two other girls standing at one side of it; on the other side there seemed to be a group of Indian maidens sitting on the ground, with two tall Indian youths standing close beside them. What was happening? Had she better turn around and go home—or should she join Desire and her sister? It was still light and there could be no danger or these friends would not be lingering there. She could hear shouts of laughter and gay tones from the Indians. She had seen several of the sannups and squaws about the Salem community to-day; they had doubtless come with Masconomo for the wedding feast and had been waiting for him to give signal for his return to Agawam.

Coming nearer, she saw that the Indian women were playing a game of chance. She remembered that Francis Higginson had said they would *all* of them—Indian men and women—wager all they had in such games. Breathless, Hannah joined Desire and her sister and Anna Pollard. They greeted her quietly but were intent on watching the game of dice, which were made of bone or polished wood, with mystic marks on each side. The Indians took turns in tossing these dice up from a small basket, then noting the marks on the top side as the dice fell and thus keeping their “scores.”

They looked at Hannah casually but paid no attention to the white girls, so eager were they on their own luck. At each throw there was more loud laughter and exclamations. One of the Indian youths seemed to be "keeping score" by making cuts with a knife upon one of his arrows.

It was growing a bit dusky, and Hannah wondered how soon Desire would be ready to go home. She wanted to show her the locket and tell her about the bride—but she could not wait much longer lest her mother would worry, should she miss her from the tent where she slept with Faith and Patience Dudley. Suddenly, one of the Indian girls whose "turn" had expired at the dice with evident ill-luck, looked keenly at Hannah, then called the attention of two other Indian maidens, who paused in their game, as she talked in a loud, excited tone, and pointed towards the white girls.

"Come, let's go home!" said Hannah and was turning about when she realized that two of the squaws were coming close to her, even were touching her neck and trying to turn her around. Her first impulse was to run—then she remembered that Captain Milbourne had told them, on shipboard, that they should never run away from the Indians, who approached them, for two reasons:

first, they would resent this as an insult to their pride and friendliness; second, Indians would outrun them if they had other intentions, and they could not escape in that way. Yes, she *knew* now—too late—what was exciting these Indian maidens: it was her blue-bird locket. By this time they were all looking intently at the locket, talking in loud tones—and even the Indian youths were moving towards the girls.

Quickly they expressed their meaning in pantomime. The girl who held the basket, in which were the dice, came forward and offered these in one hand to Hannah, holding out the other hand towards the locket. Another girl took off her moccasins—they were richly embroidered with beads—and offered them in the basket. Hannah shook her head and Desire tried to separate her from the two Indian squaws and lead her away but they followed close beside her, still talking, gesticulating and sometimes frowning. Another squaw took off her embroidered girdle, in which was fastened some wampum, or their money exchange, and added this to the assortment of the barter.

“It is because the locket has the shape of a bird,” said Desire, “for the Indians believe that all jewelry or embroideries or decorations in the forms of

birds or beasts will bring them good luck. But they are friendly; they will not bother us if we walk away before it gets dark."

Dogged persistence is an Indian trait. Instead of returning to their game the Indians were *all* coming with Hannah, crowding about and talking fast, with many looks towards the coveted locket. What should she do? She felt like crying but this would be useless and might be harmful, for the Indians scorn all signs of suffering. Probably they would follow her and her friends into the settlement and, perhaps, might call other Indians and attack them. Doubtless, they would take *her* into captivity, as Richard had warned her. By this time her frightened imagination had overcome both her reason and her courage. She saw herself—and her beautiful blue-bird locket—the victims of sacrifice. With a sudden impulse, she unclasped the gold chain, took off the locket and tossed it into the basket that was carried by the squaw who was nearest to her side. She then hurried after Desire and Anna who had been moving down the hillside, with a plan to get Richard or some of the men to scare away the Indians who were surrounding Hannah.

At last she could cry—and she did in smothered sobs. She was clasping in her hand the precious

gold chain—that had belonged to her mother. The girls reached the settlement as darkness was coming upon them. They found their families much disturbed because the girls had been missed and only Desire's mother knew where they had gone. Richard and Samuel Dudley had started along the shore with their muskets. Stephen Winthrop ran after them to report the safe return of Hannah. When Richard saw her tears he delayed his scolding—that he had prepared for this “gadfly sister”—and inquired what had happened. His first impulse was to take his musket and find the Indians, demanding the immediate return of the locket but Samuel Dudley was wiser and urged delay until the next day. Then his father, the deputy-governor, would talk with Masconomo, and one of his sannups who knew some English, and they would “barter” back the locket for some other jewelry. The plan worked well—for Isaac Johnson, when he heard the story, brought one of Lady Arbella's silver bracelets, with an owl on the clasp, as exchange. “They will gladly give back a blue-bird for an owl,” he said. “To them the eagles and the owls are the birds of greatest reverence and good omen.”

Hannah did not sleep soundly for a few nights after her “adventure.” The blue-bird locket had

come back safely and was stored in her mother's carved chest. She was sure she would not ask to wear it again for a long, long time. Sometimes she heard the owls screech and the wolves howl. Desire told her that the wolves were especially savage when a *red* calf was born and the owner had to keep pine-knots burning all night, to scare them away. "That is why red calves are sold so quickly here and taken back to England, while *black* calves are a blessing, and often a pet," she said. Hannah wondered if Indians ever *did* "prowl about" or take children captives. She hoped that in Charlestown there would be a fort like the one in Plymouth that Dr. Fuller told her father about. Then she fell asleep and dreamed that she was carrying a little musket, beside Richard with his larger one, as they were walking up the hillside to the fort. On the top of the fort was a beacon light, throwing its beams far out at sea, just as there was on Saint Botolph's church in her home-town across the ocean.

CHAPTER V

HOME-MAKING IN CHARLESTOWN AND BOSTON

IT was hard to say "Good-bye" to Desire and the Salem friends, and especially to her mother who remained, with Faith, to care for Lady Ar-bella. Hannah felt very proud and full of responsibility when her father said: "Lassie, when we come to the new settlement on the 'neck of land' at Mishawum, or Charlestown, you will have to take your mother's place and cook and mend for me and Richard."

"I can cook fish and lobsters already and make a salad of greens," she replied cheerfully. "And I *could* make a gooseberry tart if I had gooseberries and wheat flour."

Mistress Dudley promised to "have a care" for Hannah. Her daughter, Anne, who had married Simon Bradstreet and was only five years older than Hannah, showed her many kindnesses. She invited the young girl to come often to see her in the house on the hillside above Charlestown dock. One of the delights of these visits for Hannah was the knowledge that she gained from Anne Brad-street about English history, and especially about

Sir Philip Sidney. "Some day I shall write a poem about this hero who died at the siege of Zutphen in 1586," she told Hannah. "Already I have composed one stanza of an Ode to him."

"Oh, will you recite it to me?" asked the eager girl.

"Yes, but the tribute is not worthy of the hero: I shall write more and, I trust, better verses. Here is one verse:

"'When England did enjoy her halcyon days,
Her noble Sidney wore the crown of bays,
As well an honor to our British land
As she who swayed the sceptre with her hand.'

Do you know who did 'sway the sceptre' then?"

"Oh, yes, for Sidney was a knight in the days of Queen Elizabeth—and Walter Raleigh was another knight and brave warrior of that time. Perhaps you will write some poetry about him."

There were lonely hours for Hannah in the log-house where she cooked and polished her skillet and kept the floor clean and well-sanded. Her father and Richard were away from home nearly all the day, hewing timber for more log-houses and helping Thomas Graves and his men to set up the frame for the Governor's house. She would have been more lonely without the companionship of the kitten that, true to his word, Jeremiah Trask

had begged for her from Mistress Anne Dixy. She was not a pretty maltese cat, as was the Tabby in old Boston; she was light yellow in color and was often dirty, in spite of her incessant use of her tongue. She was very playful, however, and found amusement in jumping up and snarling Hannah's yarn when she was knitting or winding it over the back of the chair. Richard had promised to whittle for her a wooden winder, like one that Mistress Dudley had—but he had been too busy helping the men to find time for such household tasks.

Another playmate for Hannah was a grey squirrel that lived neighbor to her. He looked very thin and hungry, as he swung himself from one tree to another where the boughs interlaced. "Nuts will be coming soon, squirrel," so Hannah talked to him, "and then you can get your winter supply and bury them in the ground. I'll never tell any one where they are." Then she would feed him an occasional nut from her own scanty store, packed in the basket with the provisions and the kitty that she had brought from Salem. He became very intimate with the girl and would sit up on his hind legs and beg, even when there were no more nuts to give. Sometimes he would eat a bit of corn-meal bread or a dried pea or bean. On one very

hot day when Hannah was sitting on the doorstep of the cabin, almost panting for breath, the squirrel came close to her and looked anxiously, with his head cocked on one side. Then he found a plot of grass near by and rolled upon it on his back, running to Hannah between these cooling efforts. It seemed to her as if the squirrel knew how warm she was and was suggesting that she might follow his example. "Yes, that's one way to 'cool off,'" she laughed as she spoke to him, "but not for *me* with these homespun clothes on. Perhaps to-night Father and Richard will take me down to the beach and let me wade."

The *Whale* had come into Charlestown harbor with all that remained alive of the cattle and goats. The severe winds and storms had caused the animals to be so tossed about that they injured each other, and some died from sickness. Out of two hundred, seventy were lost. At the same time, there were enough to give milk and meat for the Charlestown and Salem settlers. Now Hannah could have some milk on her "corn-meal mush." She was asked to come to Mistress Dudley's house and help in making cheeses. The women were annoyed by field-mice when they set the milk, and Hannah brought her kitten. She did not prove a "good mouser," however, because the mice were

large and over-bold. "I wonder if any one has a trap," asked Mistress Dudley. "I remember an old maxim of Thomas Tusser that my mother taught me, when I was making curds in the dairy at Sempringham:

" 'Though cat, a good mouser, doth dwell in the house,
Yet ever in dairy, have trap for a mouse.' "

It was to be "cooking day" for Hannah. That evening Henry Harwood and his young wife were coming to have dinner with her father and Richard when they came home from Mistick. Here Richard had gone to help Governor Winthrop on the farm which he was clearing of brush, ready for planting in the early spring. Her father had brought in a large partridge and Anne Bradstreet's serving-maid had offered to help Hannah prepare it for roasting on the spit, in front of *their* larger fireplace. She had given her, also, some cucumbers—which she called "cowcumbers"—that had been sent from Salem with some pease. There were blueberries on the bushes just above the Garrett cabin, and Hannah would gather some of these, after she had cooked her lobsters. The water was already boiling in the pot for the lobsters, as soon as William Sprague should bring them from the net where he had caught them early that morning.

They were sure to be fresh and juicy—she hoped they would be large in size, for it was a long task to open so many small ones.

“Here they are, miss, and a lively, juicy bunch they are,” said the lobsterman, as he placed the basket with his prizes on the floor and hurried on to other customers. Kitty smelled the fishy odor and mewed her approval. My! That basket was heavy and the lobsters were so slippery and squirmy! Hannah wished some one else were there to drop them into the boiling water. Her mother had said, *if* the water were boiling, the lobsters did not feel the scalding that they got, so quickly did they turn from green to red. Well, the water *was* boiling—and there was no one else to put them in, so *she* must do it. “Get out of the way, kitty,” she scolded, as the cat almost tripped her up. “You will get scalded—and you *won’t* turn red before you know it—if you keep so close to this boiling water. I’m very likely to splash some of the water over us both.”

Two—three—four—all were in safely except one last lobster. He was the smallest and seemed the liveliest. Hannah thought she had him securely by the tail but, in some way, he wriggled out of her wet hands—and in a trice, he was over the floor, as only an escaped lobster can travel. After him

romped kitty yet never close enough to touch him, for she was a bit chary of this green, slimy fish at this stage of his existence. How could Hannah ever get that runaway lobster? Every movement that she made for him seemed just to miss the mark. Once she stepped on kitty's paw and this called forth an angry snarl. She decided to open the door of the log-house and let him escape or give the cat a chance to catch him, without danger of upsetting the kettle of boiling water. As she unlatched the door, William Sprague appeared on the scene. In a second he saw what was happening, and, with a loud laugh, he grabbed the runaway lobster and dropped him into the water with his mates. "Inventing a new game, are you, Hannah Garrett?" he joked. "Better call this 'Hunt the lobster'!"

The dinner was a success, and Hannah, although tired and hot, was proud of her father's praise and that of young Mistress Harwood. Richard had come home with a swollen face from a wasp's sting. She had put some balsam on the sore spot and urged him to let her tie up his face in her clean linen kerchief. "Of course not," was his somewhat surly response. "Who wants a girl's kerchief? My face is all right." After dinner, Richard showed his father and Mr. Harwood some of the drawings and charts he had made on pieces of

leather which he found among his father's supplies. "This Charlestown is a queer place," he said. "It looks like the neck, head, and shoulders of a man, as you look at it from the shore. There ought to be a big monument on this hilltop some day, to be seen by ships far out at sea."

"Yes, with a beacon light on it, like Saint Botolph's," added Hannah.

"We are fortunate to have such a large clearing here," said Mr. Garrett. "What is our gain is the loss of the Indians. Thomas Dudley tells me that when the plague swept over their encampments ten years ago, it destroyed large numbers; these clearings show where *they* had cut down trees."

"Yes, Richard Sprague says that from five thousand fighting men they were reduced to a few hundred," added Henry Harwood. "They have always been friendly to the white men in these parts. They come to watch our workmen, as they fill in the gaps in the logs with clay and build stone chimneys. Chickatabot is anxious to have a suit of English clothes"—he said with a laugh.

Hannah became very sleepy before the men finished their talk about stone chimneys, and the danger of fire from thatched roofs, and the need of more workers for the brick kilns of Salem. Kitty purred herself to sleep, as they nestled in a

corner of the rough settle. She must remember to get some more mutton grease from Mistress Dudley for Richard's face on the morrow. It had been a busy day, but Father had praised his "little lassie"—and she hoped Mother would come soon and bring Faith, for she missed them at bedtime. She would like to see Desire and have some races on the beach. She was thirsty and the water from the spring at Charlestown had a foul taste, not like the clear water at Salem springs. Well, Henry Harwood and his wife were going home now—she must remember to make her curtsey as Mother taught her—and then she could sleep. In the morning, life would not seem quite so full of troubles.

August first, in the "great house" (built by Mr. Sprague of wooden blocks, with an upper story for civil and religious service) was organized the "first church of Charlestown, numbering sixty-four men and one-half as many women." Far more interesting to Hannah was the news, brought by William Vassell from Salem, that her mother and Faith would come to Charlestown two days later. With them would come Isaac Johnson and the faithful maid of Lady Arbella, named Deliverance. Lady Arbella had died, never complain-

ing but always glad that she had come to this new country, always grateful for any kindness shown to her.

In preparation for her mother's home-coming, what could Hannah do to show her happiness—and to keep her busy during those two days that were sure to seem so long to her? She would polish the few brass and pewter dishes; she would gather some pine boughs and bunches of those pretty white and blue flowers that grew on the slope of Copp's Hill. Patience Dudley said the white flowers were called "Queen's lace" and the blue ones were chicory. She wished she could make that new dish, called succotash, that the Indians had taught the white women to make, from corn and beans, in a mixture that was boiled with some salt pork. Perhaps Mistress Bradstreet, or her maid-servant, could help her to make a pudding of berries or apples that were beginning to ripen in the garden of Richard Sprague.

For Faith, she would make one of the long necklaces of pretty shells, strung on a thread, that Mary Graves had made for her mother. Perhaps she would find some pink shells and other little shiny stones that looked like pearls. She would go to the beach and poke into the sand with the stick that Richard had whittled into a sharp point. "Come

on, kitty!" she called, "we are off for a frolic, only you mustn't climb the trees where the birds' nests are or kill the little ones. That is cruel—and I shall punish you by making you wade in the water—and how you do *hate* getting your paws wet."

Illness at Charlestown was on the increase. The wives of William Coddington and George Phillips were fatally sick, and so was Dr. Gager who had come with them from England. Dr. Fuller came from Plymouth and was glad to find Hannah so well and so helpful to her father and mother. He told her that she was growing tall—a fact that gave the girl much pleasure. "You must take good care of your mother, now," he added, "for she is tired after the care of Lady Arbella in Salem."

"Oh, I can rest now," Mother assured him, "because Hannah has shown what a fine housewife she is. She can cook many new foods and she has made good progress with knitting socks. I am sure the good doctor would like some of your home-brew, Hannah, on this sultry day. Bring in a flagon from the bottle hidden behind the rock, in the cool earth, before Dr. Fuller starts on his calls on the sick at Mistress Coddington's and Dr. Gager's."

"That is refreshing," approved Dr. Fuller, as he took a long draught of the bitter brew. "If every one would drink *this* instead of the water from the springs on this hillside, there would be less illness here."

"What is the trouble with the springs?" inquired Mistress Garrett. "The spring water at Salem was clear and cooling."

"So it is—and so are the springs at Plymouth, especially that one back of Elder Brewster's house. The springs here at Charlestown overflow in the summer and the water becomes foul and brackish, so it is impure and has caused many of the diseases."

There were others besides Dr. Fuller who realized that Charlestown was not then a healthy place for their settlement. Although the frame of the Governor's house had been partly raised, there was much talk of finding another site for a settlement before winter came upon them. The people often looked, with questioning eyes, across the Bay towards what was called Shawmut. Here seemed to be ample room and only one or two scattered huts on the plain, behind which rose three hills. Thomas Graves said that he had heard this place called "Trimontaine," because of the three summits.

While Governor Winthrop and his deputy, Thomas Dudley, were debating what would be best for the colony, their problem was solved by an unexpected visitor. William Blackstone, sometimes spelled Blaxton, who was called "the hermit of Shawmut," brought them an invitation to share some of his land. Seven years before he had been given a grant of eight hundred acres and he used only a small "parcel of land" for his house and garden. He would give several plots to those in Governor Winthrop's colony. "It will be a healthy place. There are several bubbling streams of clear water about Trimontaine," he said. "Shawmut means 'living fountains.' You will have a good harbor, also, for lading ships, and abundance of fish in the river."

"Did he come over, riding on his white steer?" asked Hannah when her father narrated the visit, as he had heard of it from Henry Harwood.

"A white steer? What does the child mean?" he laughed.

"I mean just that. Stephen Winthrop told me about this 'hermit of Shawmut' one day, when we were looking across to the three hills. He said that he lived almost alone in a big log cabin at the foot of one of the hills, and that he always rode on a white steer."

“ Mayhap he does, daughter, but his land and springs would be of more use to us than the steer will ever be.”

“ Perhaps he would let us ride on it sometimes,” she persisted, but Richard sneered at her and Mother shook her head.

“ It would be an adventure, anyway,” was Hannah’s last word on the subject.

Before decision was reached on William Blackstone’s offer of land, a conference was called at Charlestown for that and other matters of weighty importance. Governor Endicott came from Salem with Mr. Skelton, the minister, and Governor Bradford came from Plymouth with Elder Brewster, Captain Miles Standish and his lieutenant, John Alden. They were to meet in the “ great house ” but the dinner was to be served outdoors, under the cluster of trees where John Wilson read the prayers and Rev. Francis Bright preached the sermons on Lord’s Day. Great preparations were made from such scanty supplies as the Charlestown settlers could afford. Some venison from Salem and a hogshead of corn meal from Plymouth, with fresh vegetables and some juicy raspberries, were added to the lobsters and fish from their own seashore. Isaac Johnson had a small quantity of Canary wine, from the casks



DINNER WAS TO BE SERVED OUTDOORS.—*Page 92.*

brought in the *Arbella*, and this was reserved for the Governors and their deputies.

“There is one person I want to see even more than Governor Bradford—and that is Captain Miles Standish,” announced Richard on the morning of the conference. “Thomas Graves is giving all of us who work for him a holiday. I may have a chance to ‘sound the drum,’ for Increase Nowell is sick and Samuel Dudley says I can sound it with good measures.”

“Why would you sound the drum to-day?” his mother asked.

“To call the people down to the dock to welcome those from Plymouth. I wish we might form a company with a few muskets and march down to meet Captain Standish. He is a great fighter.”

“I would rather see John Alden,” was Hannah’s decision. “He won Priscilla Mullens for his wife—and Prudence Starr said she was the most beautiful girl in all the Plymouth colony.”

“Silly!” scoffed Richard. “What good would her beauty have done if the ‘doughty captain’ had not been on hand to keep off the prowling Indians and protect the colony?”

“There you are talking again about ‘prowling Indians!’ Sometimes I think you are disappointed, Richard, because we have escaped capture and

scalping thus far," Hannah said in teasing tone—but Richard was ready with his answering taunt:

"How about the blue-bird locket and the 'sacrifice'? But I'm off to see Miles Standish!"

"May I go, too, Mother?" asked Hannah and Faith in one sentence.

"Not just now, daughters, but we will go later to help Mistress Dudley and Anne Bradstreet in serving the men at the dinner. Hannah, you can help me make some cheese-cakes while Faith puts away the porridge and washes the wooden trenchers and spoons."

It was a long conference—for after much discussion about the change of location from Charlestown to Shawmut, with intervals of prayers, there was another serious problem that confronted the Governors and their councils. This was brought to their attention by Governor Bradford and Elder Brewster. Should John Billington of Plymouth be put to death for the deliberate murder of John Newcomen? They had had a quarrel, but Billington had waited, and then had struck a fatal blow. This was the first time, during the ten years of companionship among the Plymouth settlers, that such a crime had been committed.

Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford were gentle in their judgments, and yet they realized the

truth of Miles Standish's words: "Such an offense should be dealt with severely." The Billington family had caused trouble to the Plymouth colonists in many ways. The father, who was the murderer, had been guilty of blasphemy and bad influence against authority, both that of the Governor and the Captain. His wife was an untidy, scolding woman. The boys had teased the Indian women and alarmed the colony by running away. A jury had tried the case and found John Billington guilty of "wanton murder." What should be the penalty?

"Who killeth man, by man shall his blood be shed. It is the law of God," said Governor Endicott. "We cannot escape—the wages of sin is death."

Hannah shivered at night, when she had heard her father talk about this "murder in cold blood," and that John Billington must "be hanged by the neck until he is dead." She felt sorry for the Billington boys, even if they did run away—but, of course, the three Governors and their Council could not make an unjust decision. More cheering, as she fell asleep, was the thought that the Charlestown settlers, who had come with her from England, were to move to Shawmut where were bubbling streams—and a white steer.

Joiners and cleavers of timber were urged to hasten the work of building shelters before the cold weather. Some bricklayers from Salem came to build chimneys and fill in the cracks of the log houses with clay. Some of them received two shillings a day for their labor, or about fifty cents, —which was considered a large wage.

In early September a number of the families were moved from Charlestown to Shawmut. At a meeting of the Council on September seventh, the name was changed to Boston, to the delight of the Garrett children. This change of name was, in part, a recognition of the debt of the colony to Isaac Johnson and his wife, Lady Arbella, who had come from Boston, England, and had given so much encouragement and financial aid to the undertaking.

Hannah gathered about her the younger boys and girls who had come to Charlestown in the previous years—the Graves and Conant children—and others who had joined the fleet of ships from Dorsetshire and Devonshire, and she told them much about old Boston. She described for them the Guildhall, the schoolhouse and, especially, the Church of Saint Botolph's with its beacon light.

“Probably there will be a beacon on one of the three mountains in this new Boston,” she declared,

as she looked across towards the highest of the peaks, "and it may be called Beacon Hill."

"Some day, also," remarked Richard, who had joined the group and heard her last sentence, "we must have a fort on one of the hills and a mill to grind the corn."

"We shall need more corn to grind than we have this year," said his father, when Richard repeated to him his suggestions for Trimontaine. "The supply is getting low both of grain and meat. The Governor has sent the *Lyon* to Ireland, with all speed, to bring us supplies before the winter overtakes us. At the last Court of Assistants the edict went forth that 'No one should give, sell, or truck Indian corn. Nor should any one allow an Indian to use his gun.'"

Mr. Garrett's name was on the list of Freemen, recorded on October nineteenth, and he was taking a prominent part in the affairs of the colony, in finding and storing supplies. "Next winter," he told his wife, "we shall have no lack of good food, for Governor Winthrop's farm at Mistick will yield not alone corn and barley but plenty of root vegetables and good fodder for our cattle."

Sometimes, Hannah went to bed hungry, yet she was growing tall. She would lie awake, listening to distant sounds: the loons crying, wild geese honk-

ing, foxes barking, cicadas buzzing and, occasionally, a wolf howling. The men were building fences around their palings, to keep the wolves away from the cattle and swine.

“Governor Winthrop uses his tools with skill; he works as hard as the men do in setting up the fences,” Richard reported. The Governor’s house had been “set up” for a time in New-Town, soon to be called Cambridge. Later it was to have another move—this time to Boston for its final location.

Isaac Johnson had planned to have more bricks brought from Salem, not alone for the chimneys but also for houses. His death in September was a great loss to the colony. “I am glad that I came,” he had said, in spite of illness and discomforts. John Wilson and Governor Winthrop laid stress on his courage, in the long funeral service. Hannah tried to bring cheerfulness into their home, during these sad days, by gathering a large bunch of bright golden flowers near the garden of William Blackstone. He found her on the hill-side, and asked her if she knew the name of the flowers? “They are called golden-rod,” he said, “because they are so yellow and so straight.” She found, also, some purple asters that *did* cheer her mother, because they seemed like a message from

their Lincolnshire home. "I got my feet wet—and my skirts muddy,—gathering these four, fringed flowers that grow beside the brook," she said. "I wonder what they are called; they are as blue as my blue-bird locket." The next day she took two of the blossoms (that closed at night and opened in the daylight) to Mistress Bradstreet, who told her they were *blue gentians*.

There were births as well as deaths in Boston. The older children were glad to "tend" the babies while their mothers were washing their few clothes or gathering clams for baking. "There were three new babies baptized to-day at meeting," Hannah said on a crisp October day. "They had beautiful names; two were Joy and Recompense, daughters of John Miles; another was Pittie, daughter of kind William Blackstone. I wonder if he will let this little girl ride on his white steer when she is old enough to go afield with him."

CHAPTER VI

INDIAN SUMMER DAYS IN 1630

THE weather that autumn was mild and sunny, with only occasional days of rain. Never had these English-born colonists seen such brilliant foliage as that on the sugar maples, the ash-trees, and the oak. The children gathered leaves from blue-berry-bushes and sumachs, from woodbine and elder-bushes; they oiled some of the brilliant leaves and pressed them between blocks of wood, to send home in letters to English friends.

“This weather is what we call ‘Indian summer’ in Plymouth,” Dr. Fuller said on one of his many visits to Boston. He came to the Garrett log-house to see his favorite among the children, Hannah. He had brought her a pair of warm gloves for the cold days. “Although it is so mild now, the weather has a habit of changing suddenly and often a warm day will be followed by a frosty morning—or a storm of sleet. I keep on hand a good supply of these English gloves as gifts for my *particular* friends”—and Hannah did not forget to make one of her best curtseys to the kind doctor.

“Why is this weather called ‘Indian summer’?” asked Mistress Garrett.

“I am not sure,” the doctor answered. “Perhaps it is because the Indians take delight in the unusual warmth and collect their supplies for the winter. They often change their camps at this season to more sheltered places. Some one has suggested that it was called ‘Indian summer’ by the first settlers, because the Indians were more likely to make a raid upon the white people at this time and carry off some of the supplies, but I doubt that origin of the phrase. They are very active during these late harvest days; they have corn dances in honor of the harvest; they gather in groups to play games of chance or go off hunting for venison to be preserved for the winter in deep holes in the ground, often covered with pine boughs to conceal the hiding-places. The women gather nuts and reeds for their mats and baskets.”

“I wonder if my little squirrel in Charlestown is getting fat now, for he can gather all the nuts he needs for the winter,” Hannah said.

“Nuts are good food for little girls as well as squirrels. You, Hannah, need to grow some in width as well as length. Some of the milk and eggs that are now fed to our Plymouth lassies—Betty Alden and Lorea Standish—would bring

back the red cheeks that you had when you left the old Boston for the new. Perhaps, in the spring-time, your father will bring you some day when he is coming to Plymouth to barter his well-made shoes for supplies, and you can stay for a visit with my goodwife."

Hannah was aglow with excitement. "Do you really mean it, Dr. Fuller? Could I go to Plymouth and see Priscilla Alden and Mary Chilton—and Mistress Fuller? I will eat corn-meal mush every day until then—but I don't like it."

"Stranger things have happened, little girl," he answered with a friendly hand-shake, as he went to call upon some sick patients and to have dinner with William Blackstone, in his picturesque house at the foot of the highest hill of Trimontaine.

The Indians were friendly to the settlers in the new Boston, as they had been in Salem and Charlestown. They brought small measures of meal for barter, or fish caught off the shore; more often skins and furs. They soon had secured, in this way of exchange, nearly all the available knives and trinkets of the settlers. They would stand about and watch with deep interest the building of stone chimneys and the making of crude articles of furniture for the log-houses, like long

tables, stools, settles, and cot-frames for the feather-beds that had been brought from England. When the Indians came with gifts of wild fowls, the housewives carefully picked, dried, and sorted out the feathers for more warm bedding, as protection against the winter which was delayed in coming—but sure to settle down upon them unawares.

Most frequent visitors among the red men were the sons and daughter of the squaw sachem, widow of Nanepashemit, who had been sachem of the Patuckets. She had three sons and a daughter. Sagamore John and Sagamore James were often in the settlements at Charlestown, Dorchester, and Boston.

“The Indian name of Sagamore John is Mono-haquahan. Can you pronounce that word?” Richard asked his sisters, and he laughed as they tried to speak the many syllables that he could say so glibly.

As Dr. Fuller had said, the Indians were more than commonly active and numerous about Boston settlement during these autumn days. They liked to encamp for the day and play their games in the open space below the hills, near the bubbling spring which William Blackstone had commended to the distressed colonists in Charlestown. On a

warm October day, when Hannah and Faith were walking across this space, to get water from the spring in their leathern bottles, they found a group of Indians on the ground, apparently in gala spirits. Their kitten, now a large and not too friendly cat, followed Hannah and her sister.

Faith was a little afraid of so many painted Indians, with their loud laughs and "ughs," and she would have turned to hurry home but Hannah saw the familiar face of Sagamore John, so she knew that these Indians were friendly. "We can watch their games for a little while. See! Here comes Stephen Winthrop and Patience Dudley, so we are in safe company." If the children were assured of safety, the cat was *not* so confident; she snarled a little and raised her back and tail in remonstrance. Hannah was obliged to take her in her arms, as the children sat down on the hillside to watch the games. "Now be quiet, kitty, and when we get home I will give you some milk and a piece of fish that Richard caught for our dinner."

The Indian men were much excited over their game of Puim, as they called this slow, popular sport. They sat in a circle on the ground, the older men smoking. In the centre was a wheel or big ring of rawhide, wrapped or cross-barred with rawhide strings to make it stiff. It was ornamented

with many beads in designs of animals and grotesque birds. Ten men were chosen to play the game at a time. Each was given a straight, slender stick about five feet long. The first man took his turn at rolling the wheel in the circle and the others, in turn, threw their sticks at it, as it rolled along the ground. If any one could send his stick *through* the wheel, he would win the game. Those who touched the wheel at certain points gained, or scored, over the others. The Indians were gambling, as usual, on their chances of transfixing the wheel. They put up stakes of wampum and feathers and even wagered their beaded leather leggings. They were very noisy and excited; often at some loud outburst, the cat in Hannah's arms would spit and try to get away.

The squaws, meanwhile, sat on the ground not far away but nearer the foot of Trimontaine, which rose above them about one hundred feet. They were interested in their own games. Three of them had babies on their backs. At first sight of these babies, thus carried on the mothers' backs, Hannah had been both amazed and worried lest the baby should fall out—but she had learned that the papoose, or the Indian baby, was both safe and comfortable in this snug cradle. She admired the colored embroideries and beads on the tunic and

head-band of one of the women. *They* seemed to be playing a game of chance, also, with blackened plum-stones on which were certain cryptic marks. For wagers, they held up pieces of red cloth or strings of bright beads. They seemed almost as excited as the men were, but they laughed and talked in more musical tones.

“Do you see that squaw with the richly embroidered girdle and high moccasins?” asked Patience Dudley. “See! the little Indian boy is running to her now. He is the son of Sagamore John, and she is Yawata, the sister of Sagamore John and Sagamore James.”

“Yawata! What a musical name!” Hannah exclaimed, repeating the word several times. “And what a beautiful shawl she has! It is somewhat like that given to Lady Arbella by Captain Burleigh, when he came from Spain. *She* gave it to Mother to keep for me until I should be a young lady. It is locked up now in the chest with my blue-bird locket.”

“Don’t talk so loud, Hannah,” pleaded Faith. “The Indians may come—if they hear you—and try to steal the shawl and locket, or barter something for it.”

That evening Hannah told her father and mother and Richard about the games and the In-

dians who were friendly. "Not a single scalp lost, Richard, although *we* were so *few* and *they* were so *many*," she said with a laugh.

"All right! You may laugh, Hannah, but not every Indian is as loyal to the white settlers as are Sagamore John and Sagamore James. *They* like us and would even adopt some of our ways and habits. Sagamore James has begged Governor Winthrop for 'a suit of English clothes,' and the Governor has commissioned the captain of the *Lyon* to get one for him from a London tailor. But there are wily and bitter enemies among the Indians, as you would soon find out if you should ever chance to come among the Nauset tribe."

"Why are *they* so bitter against the white settlers, Richard?" asked his mother. "Have they ever been ill-treated by the white men, as we are told the Indian squaws were by the revellers at Merrymount?"

"It is an interesting, sad story," her husband said. "Henry Harwood told me about it. In 1614—"

"That is sixteen years ago," interrupted Richard, but his mother shook her head for silence.

"Yes, sixteen years ago, Captain John Smith was anchored off Eastham, which is about fifty miles overland from Plymouth. The Nausets dwell near

there. With him was Thomas Hunt, an ungodly trader. One day, just before Captain John Smith was to sail for England, Hunt enticed seven of the Nausets and about twenty of the Patuxets, to go on shipboard, on pretense of trading with them. Then he imprisoned them and carried them off to Malaga where he sold them as slaves for twenty pounds each."

"It was an atrocious, cruel deed, and it is not strange that those Indians should hate the white people," said Mistress Garrett. "We are told in the Bible to forgive and love our enemies, but not many women would forgive such acts to their sons and husbands. Indians have hearts, and suffer as we do."

"Harwood said that, years later, when some white men went from Plymouth to find a boy who had wandered away and been kindly treated by the Nausets, an old squaw, more than one hundred years of age probably, came to Miles Standish and his men and cried bitterly. Through Hobomok, the Indian guide and interpreter of Captain Standish, she said that three of her sons had been taken away captive by Hunt. She was left alone with no one to care for her or to get her venison and fowl in her old age. The Plymouth captain told her that Hunt was 'a bad Englishman' but *they*

were friendly; then they gave her some trinkets and beads."

"Trinkets and beads—in barter, I suppose, for three sons sold into slavery," said Mistress Garrett, with a tone of anger seldom heard in her gentle voice.

"There were some kind monks at Malaga who took pity on the Indians and freed many of them," her husband continued his tale. "Some of them went to England and were later sent back to their tribes."

Henry Harwood had joined the group and added more information about the Nausets. "During the famine in Plymouth, in 1622, these Indians sent corn and beans to the white settlers by Tisquantum, the friend of the Plymouth colony. I fear me it was a poor return for such kindness, the next spring, when Miles Standish and his company drove several of their men into swamps and killed others. Aspinet, sachem of the Nausets, perished in the swamps."

Richard came to the defense of his hero, with the quick retort: "Captain Miles Standish would never have done such a deed unless he had good cause."

"You are right, Richard. He was the victim of a false tale—that the Nausets had joined with

the Narragansetts, always an enemy tribe, to kill the English at Plymouth. When the Captain found certain Indian chiefs gathered at Wessagusset for a powwow, he killed some and scattered others. When he went back to Plymouth, he took the head of one of the slain Indian chiefs, on a pole, as a warning to other would-be enemies."

"Aye, and it was after that, as John Cotton once told us, that John Robinson, the good pastor of the Pilgrims at Leyden, urged Governor Bradford to 'restrain the fiery temper of his Captain.' "

"Captain Miles Standish is a great man, even if he has red hair and a fiery temper," persisted Richard.

"True, my son," replied his father. "Plymouth colony owes its life to the valor of Captain Standish and the wisdom of William Bradford and Elder Brewster. Some day I shall go there to consult with those men and, perhaps, bring back supplies of corn to relieve our threat of famine."

"You'll not go until springtime," urged Mistress Garrett, with an anxious face. "Surely, you will not venture out into these unknown waters, when cold and ice storms may break upon us at any time."

"The need of more corn is *now*, goodwife, not in the summer." He gazed thoughtfully into the

fire, as his neighbors said, "Good-night." He went with them to the door and, looking out into the star-lit night, he added, "'Tis mild weather yet, and the cold and snow may not overtake us for another moon."

Hannah had been listening intently—sometimes with inward shivers—to this talk about the Indians. At the last words of her father, she stole softly to his side and whispered, "May I go with you, Father, when you go to Plymouth? Dr. Fuller said I might come with you and stay with Mistress Fuller. May I go?"

"We'll see, lassie. We'll see! Now get you to bed, and don't dream of savages that may attack us, but of those who will give us corn and kindness."

"That romping girl, Anna Pollard, is in Boston," announced Richard the next day, when he came home at sunset. "She came with Master Allerton from Plymouth yesterday when he came into this harbor, on his way to England, with papers for Governor Winthrop. She has been staying with his daughter, Remember Allerton—for Anna Pollard's mother and Remember's mother were friends in old England. She is a pretty girl, but over-lively."

“She may be over-lively, as you say, Richard,” said Hannah in defense of her friend, “but she is good company and I am glad she has come to Boston. I have so much to tell her! She will be surprised to hear that *I* may be going to Plymouth soon—or in the spring,” she added, as she noticed her mother’s frown.

Hannah hurried through her morning tasks—washing the trenchers, cleaning the skillets, sweeping the floor with the reed broom which Richard had made, and then sprinkling it with fresh white sand. She hoped—and believed—that Anna Pollard would come to see her that morning early, and she wanted to have time to talk with her. Perhaps they could take a walk and run on this crisp November day. “Yes, kitty, you may have a piece of fish and some water. There isn’t enough milk for you to-day—I didn’t have any on my porridge.”

True to her expectation, Hannah soon heard the jolly tones of her friend’s voice, as Anna Pollard and Patience Dudley came down the lane. Anna was going back to the Dudley home in New-Town that evening, but she could spend the day with Hannah. She was as lively as ever—perhaps even more so because of the good food and exercise that she had been having in Plymouth. She

brought some fragrant bayberries to Mistress Garrett, a doll, dressed in a long cape and little hood for Faith, who was too happy to speak, and a pair of lace mitts for Hannah, to wear to meeting with her lace collar. The girls talked fast as Hannah finished her household work. "Could they go for a walk by the river?" Yes, her mother would give them some bannock and a piece of cold fish, salted and mixed with some dressing, for a salad. Anna had a few "sweetmeats" left from the supply given her by Remember Allerton. She left one for Richard and another for Faith, as the girls started gaily with their lunch, in the pumpkin-skin basket which was another trophy of Anna's visit in Plymouth.

"Be sure to come home before it is dark," urged Mistress Garrett. "You know the days are shorter now, and the lanes are dangerous after sunset. Don't wander far away from the settlement."

The girls promised caution and a safe return before "it was anywhere near dark." Chattering, up the hill they went. Faith forgot to wish she might go, so absorbed was she in her marvelous new doll. Mistress Garrett watched the girls, from her doorway, until they reached the peak of one of the hills and broke into a run over the top. "I hope they will not spill their lunch or tear their

skirts," she said. "A good romp, however, will not do any harm to Hannah, and may give her more appetite and color."

The girls ran fast along the sandy shore; they threw branches and stones into the water to see who could throw the farther; they marked off spaces on the beach and played that old game of "Hop Scotch." Soon they were hungry and found a rock, in the sun, where they ate with relish all the food they had brought—and even Hannah wished for much more. "Let us follow this path a little way into the woods," said Anna Pollard. "We shall find more acorns there and can fill our empty basket with these. The larger ones make good candle-holders and the little ones can be fastened on a string for a necklace, with bright beads between. Remember Allerton had such a pretty one."

"Mother warned me not to go far into the woods," said Hannah, "but we can go a *little* way; here are two oak-trees and we can find plenty of acorns. These pine cones are fine to burn in the fireplace; they get our hands all sticky, but we can wash them in that clear little stream of water that I can see beyond this clump of trees."

"Why don't we take off our shoes and socks and wade into that clean water; it can't be very cold,

and my feet are tired and warm," suggested Anna Pollard.

Hannah hesitated for a moment but she could see no harm in doing this as another "adventure." What magic that word had for her! All her life she was wishing for "adventures"—but she was not encouraged by Mother or Richard, for in their eyes "adventures" usually meant "romping," or running away or some such misdemeanor; yet she remembered that when the voyagers on the *Arbella* and its consorts set sail from Southampton, John Wilson called them "Adventurers in a New Land." "Adventures must be all right for grown-up people, but dangerous for children," she decided. She was glad that she had worn her "safe-guard" to protect her dress from mud.

While she was making these mental calculations, she was taking off her shoes and socks, as Anna had already done. They left them with their basket under a jutting rock; then they rolled their long skirts up farther than "Mother" might have approved—but no one was about to see them—and waded into the cool, sparkling water. How good it felt as they stepped carefully, lest they might cut their bare feet, on the bottom of the shallow stream!

"What was *that* noise? There it was again! It

sounded like a dog's barking—it couldn't be a wolf, could it?" Hannah asked in sudden alarm.

"No! It *is* a dog—a little dog, chasing a squirrel and getting all excited. Where do you suppose he comes from? I didn't know there were any dogs in the settlement except the big one owned by William Blackstone."

"Perhaps he comes from some Indian encampment," Anna Pollard supplied this information, "for the Indians gave two dogs to the Plymouth settlers the first year they were there and now there are several dogs, big and little. Isn't this little dog playful? Oh, he is coming down to the river, for he hears our voices and, perhaps, he smells the food—that *was*—in our basket. Yes, he has found the basket and—look!—he has tipped it over with his nose and spilled out all the acorns. We had better get out of the water and back to the rock or he will find our shoes and make off with them."

Even as she spoke, to the amusement and sudden alarm of Hannah, she saw that he *had* taken one of her shoes in his mouth and was shaking it up and down, as only young, playful dogs can treat a shoe. "Here! Stop doing that, doggie!" she shouted. "You will tear the lacings and spoil the polished leather of that shoe. Then what would Mother say to me? Father is too busy to make me

more shoes and I could not wear my best ones every day. Oh, stop him, Anna! Run and stop him!" she screamed, as the little dog, fearing that his new plaything might be taken away from him by the girls, strengthened his teeth upon the shoe and ran off with it into the woods.

The girls ran after him but he was too swift for them to overtake. They had not stopped to put on socks, and their feet soon became cut and scratched by briars and pine needles. What promised to be just a happy "adventure" was threatening to become a tragedy for Hannah, with the loss of her shoe and a bad cut on her foot that was beginning to bleed. Moreover, clouds had followed the bright sunshine of the early day and it was getting dark. The dog had scampered out of sight—and all seemed lost.

"Never mind!" comforted Anna Pollard. "We will go back where our socks are and my two shoes—and your *one* shoe. We can manage some way to limp home. Listen! That dog is coming back! Hear him bark—only it sounds more cross and not so playful! Some one is talking. Hurry, Hannah, we must get back to the rock and put on our socks and try to run home right away. Oh, how my foot hurts! I'm sure there is a briar in it, but I can't stop now to pick it out."

Before the girls could reach the rock—so far had they run after the little dog—the voices came nearer and soon a “Whoop!” kindly but urgent, made them turn around. They saw an Indian boy of perhaps ten or twelve years, running towards them with Hannah’s shoe in his hand, while the little dog was jumping up and yapping, somewhat testily, at the shoe which was held out of his reach. Behind them was a squaw, walking rapidly and laughing. A glance showed Hannah that she was Yawata, the sister of Sagamore John. In her hand she had a pair of moccasins, beaded in gay colors, which she held towards Hannah, saying several words in the Indian language. Hannah shook her head in mystery and misunderstanding. Evidently Yawata wished to barter something that *she* had for the moccasins—but what could it be?

“She wants you to take the moccasins in place of your shoe,” said Anna Pollard. “The little dog has torn the top of the shoe; it is *her* dog, or the little boy’s, and she offers this gift. Yes, that is right—for she is bowing her head—you see, she can *understand* more English than she can speak.”

Yawata made the girls sit down on the rock while she took out the briars from their feet. Then she led Hannah by the hand down to the river and motioned them to wash off the blood and get their

feet clean again before they put on the socks. She examined Hannah's cut, and washed it out carefully with water. She helped her to put on her socks and the moccasins. Then she sent the Indian boy away—motioning to him in the direction whence they came—and sending the little dog with him. There was an argument, in Indian words and pantomime, regarding whether the shoe should go with the boy and dog, or remain with Hannah as a relic of her "adventure." The decision seemed to be for Hannah, in spite of urgent demands of the dog for his rare plaything. He was appeased by his master's choice of a branch from a supple tree, which he used as a bait to make the dog run.

Darkness was almost upon them before they had gone far on the homeward trail. Hannah began to worry about her mother's anxiety, but she could not walk any faster. Yawata showed them a short way and, when the stubble was very rough, she would lift Hannah up and carry her a few paces. As they came near the settlement, they heard a sound like a drum. Why was Richard sounding the drum at this time—for it was not meeting night nor the Sabbath? Anna Pollard explained that, once while she was at Plymouth, two girls who had been gathering bayberries had wandered away and there had been a drum sounded then and a group

of men gathered at the cry of "A child lost!" Probably Mistress Garrett was urging Richard to sound an alarm and lead a searching party for them.

Yes—as they came nearer, although it was too dark to distinguish faces, Hannah heard her mother's voice. In spite of her sore feet she ran down the hill and, with a sound that was both a shout and a sob, threw her arms about her mother's neck. Then she turned around to thank Yawata and tell her mother how kind the squaw had been to them—but the Indian had vanished in the darkness.

Would Richard tease her and call her a gadfly? She hoped he would *not*, for she was so tired that she feared she would cry any moment. She heard him say something in a low tone to Samuel Dudley (who had gathered with a small group at the sound of the drum) about "that romping girl, Anna Pollard." Mother was kind not to ask any questions *that* night, for she was so tired; salve and linen bandage soothed her feet, and some clam broth tasted good. To-morrow, she would explain all about the shoe. Would this adventure make Father hesitate to take her to Plymouth with him? She tried to say her prayers carefully that night, but fell asleep when she was half-way through.

CHAPTER VII

THE SHALLOP DRIFTS TO NAUSET HARBOR

“SURELY, you would not take Hannah with you, on this madcap sailing to Plymouth in December? 'Tis no jaunt for a maiden—in a shallop with six men. Mayhap, you will be shipwrecked before you make land. Let the girl and Richard abide at home with me and Faith.” So said Goodwife Garrett to her husband, as he unfolded to her his plan to sail for Plymouth for supplies near the end of December.

There had been no snow nor long-continued cold weather. The sun shone warm in midday, although the nights were frosty. No forecasts had been made of any sudden changes in weather which might overtake a daring adventurer in this New England climate.

Richard Garrett was fearless and determined. His wife's doubts and remonstrances only whetted his self-confidence. As they were talking, Hannah was sorting out some wool for her mother to spin, when she could borrow the wheel from Mistress Dudley. She could not keep silence any longer, so she came to her mother and, leaning on

her shoulder with affectionate looks, said, “*Please, Mother, let me go with Father! You will have Richard and Faith at home. I will never be a bit of trouble to the men, and I can cook fish for them, if need be. Dr. Fuller said it would be good for me to come to his home for a little change. Please, Mother, may I go?*”

“Go back to your work, child, and leave this decision to your elders,” said her mother with more firmness than usual, for she was much troubled. “’Tis bleak and rocky on that Plymouth coast. There may be sudden storms. There’s hazard enough for men—and far too much in this season—in a small shallop in winter.”

“We’ll see! We’ll see!” rejoined Richard Garrett as he rose from his stool and went towards the door, giving Hannah a reassuring smile.

Afterwards he talked again with his wife: “It will only be three or four days and the colony is in sore need of corn just *now*, goodwife,” he pleaded. “A day or two at Plymouth and a day thither and one to return! I feel sure I can bring back salted meats as well as corn. The supply at Boston is almost exhausted. It is mild weather and the moon is at its full. No storm will likely come upon us this week. William Coddington has consented to my taking the shallop in which he

brought supplies from Salem. It is a strong, seaworthy boat."

"Aye, but William Coddington and Simon Bradstreet and Thomas Dudley *all* advised you against this foolish venture at this season. Mistress Dorothy Dudley told me so this very day," rejoined Mistress Garrett.

"They be over-cautious, goodwife, so fear not. All will be well with us. Do *you* keep up the courage and health of young Mistress Harwood, for her husband is willing to go and he shares my faith in the venture. Richard will keep you supplied with wood for the cabin fireplace, and such food as he can find."

"Why can't *I* go with you, Father? I can lay in supplies of wood and fish for Mother and the girls," asked Richard as he lay awake on a mat by the fireplace. "It would be better to take *me* than Hannah, a *girl*."

"Nay, son, you abide with your mother and let the lassie have this short voyage in the shallop, and a bit of visit with the young folks at Plymouth. She is stout-hearted, but she needs richer food than we can get in Boston."

Mistress Garrett was neither a nagging nor a scolding wife. She had used her reason and affection to influence her husband against this "mad-

cap venture" but she knew his motives were noble and his will was strong. In *her* day, the husband's will was the law of the family, so she said no further words, but her heart was heavy.

Five days later, Richard Garrett, with four other men and Hannah, sailed out from the harbor in the sturdy shallop, bound for Plymouth. They expected to reach their destination before night-fall, for they left early in the morning as the sun was rising. The weather was mild; the water was calm. Hannah's brown eyes were as bright as her spirits. She kissed her mother and Faith, waved a gay good-bye to Richard, who came with them to the dock, and jumped aboard the boat. In a bundle, tightly corded with hemp and clasped under her arm, were gifts for Plymouth friends—knitted hose for Dr. Fuller and an embroidered lace cravat for Mary Chilton.

Down the bay the shallop sailed. Hannah's delight at being again at sea kept her tongue lively. She talked to Henry Harwood and two of the younger men, who had arrived on later ships than the *Arbella*. She recalled the favorite phrase of Captain Milbourne: There was "a merry gale." She told, in gleeful humor, the story of the "mock battle" and "fear turned to joy," when the "Dunkirkers," who seemed to be chasing the

Arbella as pirates, proved to be friends bound for Newfoundland.

“Captain Peter Milbourne shot a ball of wild fire, which burned on the water for several seconds. He intended it to show the ‘enemies’ that our ship was well-armed in defense; the friends thought it was a salute and returned it. We forgot all the days of storm and fog when we saw land off Mount Desert.”

She talked, as usual, much about old Boston and its “beacon.” She told them about the manor-house of Lady *Arbella* with its stores of food and linen. Margaret Winthrop, the wife of the Governor, would come in a few months, her mother had said, with the older son, John, and the daughters, Mary and little Ann. “Then every one will be happy, and we shall have a Thanksgiving Day, with more than fish and nuts to eat.”

As they sailed past Wessagusset and Wollaston, Richard Garrett gave up his place as pilot to another man and joined Hannah and Henry Harwood in the stern of the boat, where the breeze was less frosty than at the prow. He pointed out to them Merrymount where Thomas Morton and his comrades had such “ungodly riots.” Even “sitting in the stocks” did not prevent this man from abusing his rights. It were well to send him

back to England, where he might still make mischief for the colonists but there were no Indians there to corrupt.

“Patience Dudley said they called him ‘Lord of Misrule,’ ” said Hannah.

“They were noisy men and they defied the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the Puritans at Salem,” her father said. “At last, came Miles Standish with orders from Governor Bradford and Governor Endicott and cut down their Maypole, around which they had their revels, and burned some of their huts in sight of the Indians whom they had cheated and abused. Far more pleasant are our thoughts of Nantasket, which we are now passing, and the hospitality that has been given there to so many seamen.”

The sun shone clear and fairly warm during the forenoon, as the shallop passed Scituate and the low lands, later to be called Marshfield. They ate with lusty appetites and anticipated making harbor in Plymouth in a few hours. Suddenly, low-hung clouds began to hide the sun and the air became bitterly cold. Before they had rounded Duxbury a sleet-storm was upon them and the sails became stiff with ice. Equally stiff were the fingers and feet of the men. Richard Garrett brought out a heavy mat and wrapped this about Hannah. He

looked with some dismay at the darkening clouds and blinding sleet. "Are you warm enough, lassie?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Father, I am not a bit cold. It is lucky that I wore those warm gloves that Dr. Fuller gave me. I wish you had some, for your hands look blue with cold."

"They will be all right," he replied, trying to be cheerful, as he blew upon his cold fingers and stamped his feet to get them warm. "This is only what the seamen call 'a snow-squall.' It will pass soon, and the sun will be shining again."

The sun did not come out, however, but the ice-storm increased, blinding their eyes when they tried to see their course and sending Hannah into the cabin for shelter.

"Plymouth harbor is treacherous to enter without good light," Henry Harwood warned Richard Garrett. "It would be better for us to anchor off Gurnet's Head—which should be hard by us now—and wait until morning to make the harbor."

"Your counsel may be good, friend Harwood," said Garrett, with his confidence and bravado dampened by the cold and storm. "We will drop our killock and let the shallop stay anchored here for the night. We have food enough for another good meal or two—not much variety but good

quantity—and we men can stand being a bit chilly if the lassie is warm."

In the middle of the night Hannah wakened, shivering with cold and realizing that the water was driving into the cabin, and a wild storm was howling outside. The shallop seemed to be moving, buffeted by the waves, yet Father had said they had let down the killock and were at anchor. She could not see any light on the water or land, but she must not cry, for Father would think she was afraid. Surely, it would be sunshine to-morrow and they would be safely in Plymouth. So she gathered her feet under her and pulled the mat closer about her. Then she found that her father had put his own long cloak over her when she was asleep. "*He* must need that for warmth," she thought, but she heard no sound, so probably he was asleep.

The night was long and terrifying to Richard Garrett and the men. They realized that their killock—the anchor which was a stone tied into a frame and network of rope—had slipped, that the stone was lost and they were drifting. Daylight brought no help in locating Plymouth or any other harbor. The men were so cold that numbness overcame them. They drifted past rocky shores, that threatened to dash their shallop to

pieces should they come closer to land. Richard Garrett gathered the men and tried to pray for some relief from their threatened shipwreck. The men echoed his "Amen" as well as throats and voices, almost paralyzed with cold, could speak.

"Land and a harbor! And some sort of shelter surely beyond that wooded shore," shouted Henry Harwood. "Run up the sail and make for that rocky beach."

With fingers and legs stiffened, the sight of that beach brought them a revival of hope and Garrett piloted his shallop, as well as he could, into Nauset Harbor. He did not know where he had landed, nor whether he could reach land, but he begged one of the younger men to carry Hannah to the shore and take out the food and tinder-box. The wind was icy cold and stung her face as she came into the gale. Her fingers were cold, in spite of Dr. Fuller's warm gloves, but she knew the men must be suffering far more than she was. Why were they so quiet and stiff? Couldn't they walk on shore? Two men were carrying her father who tried to smile at her, as they placed him down on the rock. His voice was husky but he gave quiet orders:

"Gather some sticks and strike a fire!" he urged. "Bring the hatchet and cut down some of those

larger boughs. Make a shelter by bending the poles and hanging one of the mats over it!"

In vain the younger men searched for a hatchet. None was in the shallop. Exhausted and numb from cold, they joined the others on the beach before the flickering fire. They were too cold to eat; there was no warm drink. The ground was ice-covered but "they would rather *die there* than in the shallop, tossing about in the fierce sea." So said one of the older men.

"We will find aid for you," encouraged the youngest of the men. "Stay you here, Harwood, with Garrett and the maiden, and we will walk towards Plymouth, if we can use our legs. Exercise will limber them for us, and soon we may be able to run. Plymouth cannot be more than seven or eight miles away and we will return soon with help and food. If we find Dr. Fuller, he will ride through the woods on horseback and bring Hannah back with him."

"That would be fine—only you see, I couldn't leave Father," she said, with some alarm in her voice, as she stroked his cold face and stiff hands.

"More probably they will send a shallop along the coast, for they know well every mile of shore," said Harwood. "It looks to me as if the Indians had been encamped here and made this clearing

recently. If they are friendly to the white men, I wish they might loan us a hatchet—or make a wigwam for us."

The two younger men had not gone far on their overland journey to Plymouth (which was really fifty miles away) when they saw two squaws coming towards them with baskets. At sight of the men, they hid in the woods but they watched the lameness of the men and their ice-coated clothes with a realization that some shipwreck must have occurred near by. They hurried to their camp—for it was only half a mile distant—and soon three Indian men were on the way to the shore with blankets, hatchets, and food. Hannah sat beside her father, who seemed asleep and motionless. She rubbed his cold hands and talked to him, but he did not waken, so she thought that what he needed was *just sleep*. She was shivering, with a strange stinging pain in one foot and an ear, in spite of the warm hood which Mother insisted upon her wearing. Henry Harwood and the other man were awake and talking in low tones, shaking their heads at her father as he lay on the ground. She hoped they were not blaming *him* for the trouble that had come upon them—and she was glad her mother did not know. By the time they reached home again, Father would be rested, and *she* would

never tell how cold she had been, or that they had drifted off their course.

“Here they come! Now we shall have blankets and a warm fire. The men must have seen an Indian encampment and sent them back to us,” said Henry Harwood, as he crawled along the ground—he could not walk because of his swollen legs—to meet the swift Indian runners who were approaching. One of them talked some English—asked “Shipwreck? Food?”—and the other spread the skins over Father and Hannah; then they cut big boughs from the cedar-trees near by, stuck them in the ground and bent them to meet at the top, spreading a third heavy mat or rug, which they had brought, over this improvised wigwam. They lifted Richard Garrett on a mat inside the shelter, shaking their heads and saying, “Ugh!” several times, as they looked at Father and at Hannah. A fire was soon blazing, and the girl warmed her feet—how they did sting!—and her ear was all swollen!

Two squaws were seen coming down the road, one of them with a papoose on her back. They talked with the Indian men, looking kindly yet sadly at Hannah, and then one of the women held out her hand to the girl and helped her to rise. The interpreter was talking with Henry Harwood,

who crawled to Hannah and explained that she had better go with the squaws to their camp near by, and stay there until the Plymouth people should send for them. Two swift Indian runners had already been sent but the distance was nearly fifty miles and it might be a day or more before any help could reach them from Plymouth.

"But where will Father stay? Why can't *he* be carried into the Indian camp and given some warm broth or something to feed him? I'm all right. I will stay with Father until they move him," she told Harwood. He seemed distressed, looking first at her father and then at her, and talking with the Indian interpreter, in low tones. Then he explained that, if Hannah would go with the squaws, the Indian men would make a litter of boughs, before the day was over, and bring her father and himself to their camp. "We can't walk, so it will take longer," he said. "You go with these kind Indian women—one of them is the squaw sachem—and they will give you food and care and you can sleep there. Don't fear for us, for the worst is all over for us all, even for poor Richard Garrett," he said as he turned away his head. Well, he was not angry at her father, or he would not have spoken so kindly, thought Hannah, as she took the hand of the Indian squaw and tried to

walk beside her. Gradually some feeling came into her benumbed feet and she found a passing pleasure in watching the jolly Indian baby, as she cooed and smiled.

Through woods they went, on a rough trail, then they came to a clearing and encampment. It was hidden from sight of any passing ship or from the shore. Hannah looked behind, hoping that the men might be bringing her father and Harwood—then she knew it would take some time to make that litter and move the men. *They* were warm now, with the big fire and the skins that the Indians had thrown over them. She felt weak—and oh, so hungry!

When they had seated her before a warm campfire, the Indian women brought her food. To be sure, it had a strange taste—corn mixed with some dried pease and softened with water—but she had eaten it and said, “Thank you.” An Indian girl, with beautiful black hair, a dress of skins with a girdle embroidered with many beads and quills, and some long earrings, sat beside her while she ate and smiled in sympathy, as Hannah touched her swollen ear. Soon she felt a soft hand and knew that the older squaw was rubbing gently, with some grease, both the ears and the hand that was beginning to swell.

“Yes, please, I *would* like to sleep,” she said, as the girl pointed to a cot-mat inside the wigwam. The older squaw covered her with a skin and spoke to the girl, who brought a stool and sat down at the entrance to the wigwam. “She is my guard—and my friend,” was Hannah’s last thought as she fell into heavy sleep. When she wakened, it was already past midday; the girl was still sitting in the opening of the wigwam on the stool, weaving strands of reeds of different colors for a basket. She had other baskets, as patterns, beside her on the ground-floor. She looked very pretty in the afternoon glow. “I wonder what her name is?” Hannah spoke out loud, unconsciously, and she was surprised to have the girl smile and answer, “Winniyata.” She evidently understood some English or could read Hannah’s thoughts. “It is a pretty name—and you are very pretty,” Hannah told her, and the girl shook her head and laughed. What musical names the Indians gave their women! thought Hannah. She remembered Yawata and her kindness to the girls a few days before. It seemed a long time since they had left Boston—and her mother—but it was really a few hours, only much had happened since then. Poor Father! She *must* see if he had come into the camp and talk to him, if he were awake now.

As she passed outside the wigwam and looked about the encampment (wearing some heavy hose of deer-skin and moccasins given by Winniyata), she saw only Indians, a few men and squaws. She noticed a strange object that had escaped her when she came in—that of the totem, as she knew it was called. The grotesque face carved on this long pole might be a bird or an animal; it had queer figures, and the pole was smeared in bright paints—red, greens, and blues. Nearer the camp-fire, where a group of older Indians were gathered, smoking and talking fast, was another, shorter pole, and beside this stood an Indian youth, handling a long, curved knife and pointing to the top of the pole. Hannah almost cried out in fear and horror, for she saw it was a human scalp. The Indian girl took her hand and turned her away from the object towards another wigwam where she found Henry Harwood. He was lying on a skin and two Indians were rubbing something on his feet. He tried to smile at Hannah. “Did they chew bark to a pulp and put it on your ear and hand?” he asked. “That is what they do for frost-bites.”

She *must* ask him one question that was uppermost in her mind, “Where was her father?” For some reason, she could not seem to find the words—and Harwood was talking about the rest of the

party. He said that one of the men was much better and had gone to meet the Plymouth friends and show them where the camp was. "One of the Indians here," he said, "was with Hunt in captivity—you remember that we talked about that outrage to the Indians one night before we left Boston. He could speak English very well, for he was in London two years before he came back to his tribe, in one of Captain John Smith's ships."

"Are these the Nauset Indians?" Hannah asked, with a moment of fear, remembering what Richard had said of their bitterness towards the white people.

"Yes, we are among the Nausets—for we drifted as far as Eastham, a long way from Plymouth—and our shallop must be stuck fast in the ice, for the weather is very cold to-day and the harbor will be frozen.

"The sachem of the Nauset," he continued, hoping to keep Hannah's mind away from thoughts of her father as long as possible, "that sachem, Aspinet, had died from exposure in the swamps when Hobomok roused the anger of Captain Miles Standish on a false charge against them, and some had been killed and others scattered. The squaw sachem was now the ruler; she has married one of their medicine men who was coming to see how

my frost-bites are," he ended with an attempt at another smile.

"And Father?" Hannah managed to say. "Then he will know what to do for him. Is he still asleep?"

With an effort to speak, Harwood hesitated, then he said, in a low tone, "Yes, Hannah, he is asleep and will not suffer any more."

By some intuition, she knew that she must not ask more questions now. But *where was* her father? They would not leave him alone on the shore. Perhaps he was in that other wigwam near the pole, still asleep, but she thought he would send for her, to make sure she was all right.

Only after she had reached Plymouth and was staying in the home of Dr. Fuller, did Hannah *know* what she feared to ask and would not let herself believe—that her father had died, even before she was taken away from him by the kind Indian women. The older men knew his condition and had sent an Indian youth for the Indian doctor. He said incantations over the man who had already perished from exhaustion, following his night of exposure to the frost and ice. Then, with mournful faces and loud laments in the Indian tongue, these men had digged a hole in the ground, near the shore, and had laid his body there. They piled

wood and pine boughs over the newly-made grave to keep away the wolves.

“These were the Nauset Indians,” she thought, about whom Richard had warned her, because they hated the English and would scalp or torture them. Yet they had given her father every honor in his burial; they had been so kind to her and to Henry Harwood, and had sent Indian runners in the bitter cold to get friends from Plymouth.

As the sun disappeared over the horizon, on the evening that Hannah arrived at the Indian encampment, the air was less frosty than in the previous hours. The sharp “touch of winter” was to be followed by a day or two of milder weather before the steady cold and ice settled down on Cape Cod. The Indians prepared a celebration around the big fire and the poles. They were to honor, in their way, the young Indian who had brought back the scalp of an enemy—one of the hated Tarrentines. He was to receive his deserved honor, of being included now among the “warriors.”

The men paid no attention to the young white girl as she sat down, as far as she could get from the dim sight of that scalp, on the outside of the group of women. Winniyata and one of the squaws who came with her from the shore, sat

beside her. She was wrapped in a warm blanket, and the squaw placed a skin over her feet. The Indian men seemed to be eating some meat, like venison, using their hands and white teeth to pull off pieces from the bones.

After they had eaten, the younger men began to leap into the air, sounding strange, weird tones on their tom-toms. They joined hands and danced in a circle, uttering loud yells and pointing to the scalp on the pole. Then they brought knives and arrows, with a cask of corn which they placed before the fire. With a strong gesture, the pow-wow, or priest, came forward, uttered words in incantation, lifted his hands to heaven, and threw all the offerings on the fire. Then they shouted and danced again. Such was their tribute to the gods of revenge.

“Oh, *please*,” Hannah almost cried aloud, “don’t *burn* that corn! Let me take it back to Boston where it would be *such* a help to the families that have almost nothing to eat but fish and nuts!”

During this dance the older Indians had smoked their long pipes, still sitting on the ground. At times they would ejaculate “Ugh!” and point towards the scalp or the victorious youth. Gradually

the dance, which was resumed after the offerings had been made by the powwow, became less rapid and the younger men squatted on the ground, still laughing and talking. Then the women rose and joined hands, singing a strange song which was musical in sound, even though it had no meaning in words to Hannah. They beckoned to her to rise and sit on the stump of a tree, a little farther away from the pole, beside an aged squaw who was too lame to take part in their dances. She was not pleasant to look at, thought Hannah, for her face was seared and wrinkled and her hair was untidy—but she said soft words to the girl as they sat together, and watched the women dance in a circle.

It was difficult for Hannah to keep the tears from her eyes whenever she thought of her father, and dared not—*would not*—admit to herself that he was dead. He *must* be sleeping. She must not cry, for the Indians did not like to see such signs of weakness in old or young, so Captain Milbourne had told them on shipboard. She would watch the dance and *try to forget*. The circle of women dancers surrounded the victorious youth. They placed a head-dress of feathers on his head. Hannah noticed that he looked at Winniyata, with more than usual attention. Then she saw that some of the older squaws were pointing at Winniyata

and the youth and making gestures; often they would nod their heads. Winniyata did not seem to care for such suggestions, for she would not look at the youth nor smile at the women. "Perhaps she has a lover in some other encampment," thought Hannah.

After the dancing was over, some of the younger men threw dice, made of wood or bone, and became much excited over the results. The older men watched them in silence. In the light of the fire, two of the women began to mend some snow-shoes, with strong hemp and pieces of hide; they knew that soon these would be needed by the hunters and the runners.

The moon was shining clear at its full, as Hannah followed the beckoning of Winniyata and went towards the wigwam where she had had food and sleep. She was given a stone bowl filled with some mixture of corn meal, ground fine, and what tasted like raisins or cherries. It was better than the dish she had eaten before—and she was hungrier than she had ever been in Boston. She looked at that "full moon," and thought what her father had said, that they would be *safe* to start on their journey when it was at the full and no storm was likely. How little he realized what was before them! Again, in her heart, burned the

question: "Where is my father?" and her eyes filled with tears of loneliness and foreboding.

She found that Henry Harwood had been moved to the wigwam next to this one where she was to sleep, in the care of Winniyata and an older squaw. A fire of pine-knots was burning outside their wigwam and Henry Harwood spoke to Hannah and called her to say, "Good-night." An old Indian was sitting by him, talking in broken English. Harwood held out his left hand towards Hannah—his right hand was in a sling. She sat down on a skin rug beside him, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought of her father and saw the helpless condition of Harwood. He was distressed at the signs of grief on her face, and he feared she would not sleep from worry and thoughts of her father; so he tried to divert her mind by telling her some of the Indian legends that the old man had told him, as they sat by the wigwam door and looked at the full moon.

"Do you see the face in the moon, Hannah?" he asked. "Well, that is an old lady, the grandmother of a warrior, so my Indian friend, Weetamo, tells me. This sharp-tempered warrior became angry at something his grandmother said to him, so he took her in his strong arms and threw her up into the air. It was a cruel thing to do,

but he was so wild with bad temper that he did not know what he was doing. It was full moon, you know, and the moon saw the old woman in the air, so he opened his arms to her. There she is now! Don't you see her face?"

Hannah's thoughts were diverted, as Harwood hoped they would be, by this legendary tale. She looked closely at the moon but shook her head and said: "But I always thought—and I still think—that face is *not* a woman's face. We always talk about 'the *man* in the moon.' "

"Oh, well," laughed Harwood. "We have always been mistaken. It is without doubt the face of an old squaw, the grandmother of the Indian warrior. Another legend is that a crow brought the first grain of Indian corn—and not one Indian in a hundred would kill a crow."

"They must like the sound of their loud 'Caw! Caw!' better than I do," was her reply. "Don't the crows eat up the sprouts and little ears of the corn? Yet the Indians seem to have plenty of corn."

"The Indian women stand guard over the corn-fields, and the boys and girls help them to scare away the crows," was the explanation Weetamo gave me. Do you know what the Indians thought ships were, when they first saw them?"

he continued his questions as he saw Hannah's interest.

"No, what *did* they believe about them?" she asked.

"They thought the first ship was a walking island, that the masts were trees, and the sails were white clouds."

The pine-cone fire was dying and the cold wind made Hannah shiver. Winniyata beckoned her to come to their wigwam, so she bade Henry Harwood and Weetamo "Good-night"; she tried to make a curtsey, but she was still lame and stiff. She heard the younger men becoming more excited at their gambling game, but Winniyata crooned a musical song in low tones as the girls lay down on their mats, and Hannah soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII

HANNAH SPENDS SIX WEEKS IN PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH in late December, 1630, seemed like "the promised land" to Henry Harwood and Hannah, when they arrived there after their shipwreck and three days spent among the Nauset Indians. The cold was more intense and the shallop, sent by Governor Bradford, had to make two attempts before it could enter the harbor through the ice. It was decided that they must wait for a "thaw" (that was sure to come sometime in January), before they could float the smaller shallop in which Garrett had made his fateful voyage, and bring it in safety to Boston harbor. Meantime, an Indian runner had taken a message to Salem, to Governor Endicott, of the sad ending of this expedition, with assurance to Mistress Garrett and young Mistress Harwood that the survivors would be well cared for in Plymouth. The word would be relayed by runners, or some one on horseback, to Boston, as the harbor was already freezing over.

Hannah said "Good-bye" to Winniyata with

real affection for her companionship, and the Indian girl replied with the same word, and added, "Come again." Through Weetamo, Hannah told her that she hoped some day she might see her in Boston where, she was sure, Yawata, the sister of Sagamore John, would welcome her. She added, "My mother will be glad to see you and thank you for all your kindness to me." She wished that she had some necklace or jewelry that she could give this beautiful Indian girl and she decided to ask Dr. Fuller to bring something to her, when he might be riding down the Cape on horseback, to see some sick people, as he often did in warmer weather.

At Plymouth, Henry Harwood was taken into the home of Stephen Hopkins, near that of Dr. Fuller, so that he could receive attention for his legs which were still almost paralyzed from the frozen condition. He must build up his strength by good food and warmth. Hannah was welcomed by Mistress Fuller. The house was well-built, and fortified against cold and storms. "I was not here to endure the sufferings and hardships of the first winter in Plymouth," Mistress Fuller told Hannah, "for I came the next year when the worst illness was over. Some of our houses, however, are on the same street, Leyden, where the settlers built

their log cabins. On that hillside above the harbor, they planted their first corn to hide from the Indians the many graves that had been dug there, during that first long winter. Fifteen of the twenty-nine women who sailed from England and Holland were buried on that hillside; among them were Rose Standish, Mary Allerton, Katherine Carver, Alice Mullins, the mother of Priscilla Alden, and the mother of Elizabeth Tilley, who is now our neighbor, the wife of John Howland."

"I have seen Desire Howland and talked with her this morning, when I went to the spring for water," Hannah said.

"Yes, she was named for Desire Minter, one of the few women who returned to England. She was a friend of Governor Carver and his wife and, after their death, she lived with Elizabeth Tilley."

"I saw such a nice dog near the spring," interrupted Hannah who was far more interested in the *present-day Plymouth* than in its earlier days of sickness and privation. She had either milk or treacle on her porridge every morning, and she concluded that this must be "the land flowing with milk and honey," of which good John Cotton had preached.

"Was Squanto with his spaniel dog?" asked Mistress Fuller. "They are close companions.

The big mastiff that came from Holland used to be a fine nurse for the children. He would watch over them when they slept, and never lost sight of them if they went for a walk."

"John Billington ought to have had this dog with him when he wandered away and was found and cared for by the same kind Nauset Indians who helped us in our trouble." Hannah's face grew sad, as it often did at memories of her father's death and the tragic ending of their "adventure."

Mistress Fuller tried to cheer the girl at such times. "Come, Hannah, put on your new apron, with the lace edge, that Elizabeth Howland gave you yesterday, and we will take some meat-pie and furmenty over to Barbara Standish, for I hear she has two sick boys, Miles and Alexander, and little time for cooking dainties. The good Captain and Lorea will enjoy such food."

"Then may I stop and see Betty Alden?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, and you may invite Betty to come home with you and spend the night. It will be a lonely time for Plymouth women when the families of Captain Miles Standish, John Alden, and Jonathan Brewster move across the bay to Duxbury, as Captain Standish has called the place which he has already chosen for his home, at the foot of yonder

hill," and she pointed across the inlet to the wooded slope and beach that could be seen in the clear winter landscape.

" May we bring Betty's little dog with us for a walk before sunset? *He* is as faithful as the mastiff that you spoke of, and very playful. He reminds me of the little dog at the Indian camp of Sagamore John that chewed up my shoe, just before we left Boston."

" Don't let him chew up your pretty apron or your gloves! He is very mischievous. It is a pity that he cannot use some of his playful energy in catching the rats that bother us. He caught the hem of Betty's new chintz kirtle in his mouth one day, in play, and Priscilla told me that it was in shreds. I will go for our share of the 'red cow's' milk while you find Betty and take your walk. It may be as well if you do *not* go into Mistress Standish's house, for the boys seem to have a fever."

The next day was the Sabbath, and Hannah and Betty were to wear their "best" and go together to "meeting"; then Hannah was to have dinner in the Alden home where already she had sampled some of the tasty cakes, with many eggs and spices, which Priscilla Alden cooked with such skill. It was Hannah's first Sunday, or "Lord's Day," as

they all called it, in Plymouth and she found a new excitement in joining the procession that formed below the hill, at the end of Leyden Street. The site of the old fort was still treasured for a larger building—no better location for overlooking the harbor and the surrounding country could be found. One corner of the meeting-house was now used by Captain Standish for his military supplies and his “study.” He had several books there which had been brought in ships later than the *Mayflower*. The “strongroom,” where prisoners were kept, was in another part of the enlarged fort and meeting-house.

Bart Allerton (Bartholomew was such a *long* name for girls to say!) was sounding the drum, as the girls left Dr. Fuller’s house. Hannah was saddened for a moment, as she thought of Richard and her mother in Boston—and the father who had been so proud when Richard was chosen by Governor Winthrop to sound the drum on Trimontaine. She had already learned the names of many of the Plymouth boys and girls, and some of their parents. Betty supplied links in the imperfect chain, in Hannah’s memory, as the procession moved towards the fort. There was Giles Hopkins, who was often the watchman at the fort, and Love Brewster, son of the Elder, with his sister,

Fear, who was the wife of Thomas Prence. Edward Winslow walked beside his tall wife, Susanna, who led their little boy, Josiah, by the hand. An older boy, whom they called Peregrine, about ten years old, broke away from the line and was called back by his mother to walk beside her. He must be Peregrine White, the boy born on the *Mayflower*, Hannah decided, as she watched with amusement, and some sympathy, his efforts to keep in step with the notes of the drum. When his mother was not looking, he made droll faces at Josiah, to make him laugh, or stepped on the heels of Christian Penn, the household helper of the Bradfords, who was walking solemnly in front of the Winslows.

Governor Bradford with his lovely wife, Alice Southworth, were near the end of the line, with their children, William and Mary, and a nephew, Nathaniel Morton. "Don't you think he is a handsome boy?" asked Betty, when she told Hannah his name. She *whispered*, for it would not be "seemly" for little girls to talk on the way to "meeting"—but they "giggled" a little when Mary Becket frowned at them for whispering.

"Where is Captain Standish?" whispered Hannah, and Betty pointed to the group at the base of the hill, joining the Governor and his family.

When Miles Standish arrived, in uniform, with his sword in his belt, he and Governor Bradford were last in the procession.

“Next year we shall have to come in an ox-team from Duxbury,” persisted the whispering Betty. She dropped her psalm-book and her father looked so stern (when she turned around to pick it up) that she became very demure throughout the long service. Hannah wanted to ask, “Where is Mary Chilton?” but she waited until they were on the way home; then she learned that she had gone with her husband, John Winslow, on a visit to friends in Salem. “They are very adventuresome in moving about,” said Mistress Alden. “You know that John is the brother of Edward Winslow, and a man of wealth.”

Elder Brewster was in the meeting-house and, with him, was Ralph Smith, the younger minister. Hannah remembered that Dr. Fuller had quoted, with approval, the words of Elder Brewster who thought “it were better for ministers to pray often and divide their prayers, than to be long and tedious in the same.” She wished he would send such a word to John Wilson in Boston, for she found it very hard to sit still for a *full hour*, by the hour-glass, when he was praying. She liked, also, the psalm-singing at Plymouth. She could not under-

stand all the words meant but she listened, as they "lined" the Eleventh Psalm from Ainsworth's Psalm-Book:

"In the Lord do I trust, how then to my soul do ye say,
As doth a little bird unto your mountain fly away?
For lo, the wicked bend their bow, their arrows they prepare
On string; to shoot at dark at them
In heart that upright are."

She concluded that the writer of that psalm must have shared Richard's fear of attack by the Indians.

When the discourse became too long, and Hannah's feet were cold, she tried to forget her discomfort by noticing the colors of the gowns and capes worn by the women. Some of them had embroidered petticoats in bright shades. They all wore velvet hoods. Some of the men had on doublets and jerkins of brown or green, and cloaks with brighter linings. Edward Winslow's jerkin was of black velvet and his white ruff showed above a cloak with purple lining. Peregrine White was restless; his mother shook her head at him when he whispered to Josiah and made him laugh. Another boy, whom she did not know, was asleep until the "tithing-man" poked him with his stick and made him sit up and *seem* to listen. Hannah wondered if he *really* heard what the minister was

saying, for she was thinking of quite other things—of the days in Boston before they left England and those in the new country, of her mother and Faith, of Richard who would have to be both brother and father to them now. It was hard to keep back the tears—but the sermon was over, there was another psalm and then dinner! She was hungry for that spiced meat and dainty sweetmeats that she knew Mistress Priscilla Alden would serve.

Henry Harwood was gaining slowly, both in physical strength and use of his legs, by the constant attention of Dr. Fuller. He might have to walk on crutches for many months to come—and he would always bear certain scars from the effects of that fateful trip in the ice storm of December.

“ My mother bids you have patience,” said Resolved White, the older son of Susanna Winthrop, when he brought some sassafras leaves and wild fowl for broth to Harwood, at Stephen Hopkins’ home. “ She says that she well recalls the first winter in Plymouth when Peter Brown and John Goodman lost their way in the woods and John Goodman froze both of his feet. It was many weeks before he was able to walk, but he is all well now.”

“ It is easy to be patient when I have such good care and friendly callers. Mistress Elizabeth

Hopkins is never weary in serving good food and making life pleasant for us all. Damaris and Ruth are cheery companions and Constance, (I suppose I should call her Mistress Nicholas Snow) is a rare, patient nurse, both in making bandages and in reading the Bible, when I might otherwise get lonely. If only I might learn how it fares with my young wife and Mistress Garrett in Boston."

As he was speaking, Hannah came in, evidently with some news to give. "I can answer your question," she said quickly, with mingled sadness and relief in her face and voice. "Elder Brewster has told me to-day that, through some fisherman from Boston, John Wilson has sent news that Mother knows"—she choked and hesitated then went on bravely—"and she bade us not be anxious about her nor Mistress Harwood, but that all are well. She bade me to be useful to Mistress Fuller and not forget to say my Catechism."

After a moment of silence, Hannah asked, "Mistress Hopkins, do you think *I* might learn to read, and perhaps to write a little, while I am in Plymouth? Betty Alden is two years younger than I am and she is taught by Mistress Hicks, so are Mercy Bradford and Mercy Fuller."

"Mayhap, it can be arranged by Dr. Fuller.

Robert Hicks and his goodwife came in the *Ann* with Mistress Fuller. The doctor believes that girls as well as boys should learn to read and write. I know not how wise it may be to teach them much from books, lest they neglect their household tasks. Yet Elizabeth Tilley is able to write her name and read books that John Howland has in his library—and she is a tidy, industrious housewife. But *I* must be industrious and not forget my patient's needs. I will bring him a flagon of that home-made brew from sassafras and elderberries, which is not a bad substitute for English ale. Come, you, and help me, Resolved, and there will be small flagons for you and Hannah."

Elizabeth Tilley Howland loved to play with Hannah and with her own little girls, Desire and Hope. She gave much encouragement to Hannah about learning to read and write.

"Of course, you can learn to write. I will let you use that inkhorn which John has for keeping the records of the colony. Yes, I am proud to write my name neatly, when not even Mary Chilton Winslow, with all her fine clothes and rich bedding and silver candles, can do more than make her mark, *M.*"

"Who taught *you* to read and write?" Hannah asked, and with pride came the answer:

“My husband, John Howland, even before we were married, gave me many lessons. He is *such* a fine man, if I do say so. Constance Hopkins and I admired his prowess from the day of his accident on the *Mayflower*.”

“Tell me about that,” urged Hannah.

“It was in a terrible storm that shook the ship and carried away dishes and much sail-cloth. In trying to save some of the supplies, John Howland lost his balance and fell into the water. He was keen-witted, and he caught hold of the topsail halyard and held on until he was rescued by a boat-hook.”

“Oh, goodwife, goodwife, what tales are you telling the child? She will think I must be some kind of a *fish* to be caught by a hook,” laughed John Howland, as he came in. Tall and strong, he looked like a “hero” to Hannah.

He wore high buckskin boots, a heavy doublet, and a red cap, for he had been working, with others, to break out a road to the north of Plymouth and the snow was deep. It was cold work, and he came close to the fire on the hearth, taking off a pair of thick gloves. “Those gloves were a gift from Dr. Fuller, and much appreciated on a day like this,” he told Hannah.

“I have some gloves that he gave me in Boston.

I wore them — ” Hannah did not finish the sentence, and John Howland looked with sympathy at her, then he said, turning to his wife:

“ Elizabeth, we must keep Hannah here for supper and a romp with the little girls, Desire and Hope. Perhaps, she would like to go coasting with them on the long hill from the fort to the harbor. I will go with them if I can find that lazy Indian, Hobomok, and get him to finish breaking out the road. The only person who can make him work is Miles Standish—and sometimes he deceives *that* good man by his wily ways.”

There were many rides on the rough sleds, down the Leyden Street hill and farther away towards Manomet. The older boys came, after they had finished their hours of study with Elder Brewster and had brought in supplies of wood and done other chores about their homes. Samuel Fuller and Resolved White, Nathaniel Morton and John Cooke, Richard Soule and the Billington boys—all had home-made sleds. They would take turns in giving rides to the older girls, Sarah and Elizabeth Warren, Damaris Hopkins, Mercy Fuller, and Hannah, who was already a favorite with both boys and girls. She was always ready for any work or fun. She never complained at the “ long way back up the hill,” as some of the other girls would

do—and ask the boys to pull them on their sleds. She was lively and quite skilful in “steering,” when the boys fastened two or three sleds together and chose some girl to pilot one of them.

One day she was out with Desire and Hope Howland, walking along the snow-covered road beyond Plymouth towards Manomet and Sandwich. She heard voices as they came near the slight hill by the training-green. It was not *green* now, but covered with smooth ice and snow that had been trodden down into a splendid coasting course. Evidently, some of the older boys preferred this to the more crowded route, down from Fort Hill in the town. As Hannah and the Howland children came near, Nathaniel Morton saw them and waved a hand in greeting.

“Come on, and have a ride,” he called. “Resolved and I will hitch our two sleds together and take you all down for a long coast. Would you like to try it?”

Desire and Hope did not wait for Hannah’s own eager reply in favor but ran towards the boys’ sleds. They jumped on one and started down the hill, without any older person to guide them. There were dangerous trees near the foot of that little hill and Hannah was frightened as she saw the swift, unguided sled approaching this point.

They passed it in safety, however, and although both the girls were "spilled" into the deep snow, at the side of the track, they were unhurt and came back, laughing and ready for another "try."

"All right, but this time you must let Hannah pilot you, while I get the two sleds fastened for the next trip all together," warned Nathaniel.

So Hannah sat down with Desire and Hope tucked in, in front of her, and grasped the rope, ready for a quick slide.

"That's *my* sled you have," and Francis Billington stood in her path. "I'd like it myself. Girls always come to spoil good times," he added in a surly tone.

"Oh, I'm sorry if it's *your* sled but can't we have just this *one* slide on it while the boys are fixing the others for us?" she asked in a friendly tone. She had not seen Francis Billington very often in her month at Plymouth but he never seemed to be on good terms with the other boys. He did not answer, so she assumed that he was willing and she started the sled down the hill. Hardly had it got any impetus when Francis Billington ran after them, grasped the rope out of her hands and thus swerved the sled around so quickly that all three girls fell out on the snow. Francis Billington laughed in a hateful way,

grabbed his sled and started off at a fast run down the hill, for he knew that the other boys would, probably, fight him if he stayed near them—and he was a coward.

“Never mind! We’ll get even with him yet—he shall pay for that mean trick to-night before he goes to bed,” said Nathaniel, with angry face, as he picked up Desire whose knee had been cut, as she fell under the sled. Hannah had a finger that hurt her—probably she had sprained it as she put out her hand to save herself—and her cape was torn. Hope escaped, but she was crying from fright and sympathy with Desire.

“Get on my sled, all of you,” said Resolved White, “and I will draw you down to the Howland home.”

“You take the *little* girls and Hannah will slide down with me,” Nathaniel suggested. “Our fun is spoiled for to-day by that sneak, Francis Billington, and I’m going to find him and settle it.”

Bayberry salve soon brought relief to Desire’s cut knee but her father was indignant when Hannah told him what Francis Billington had done. “That family has been a pest to this colony,” he told her. “The father deserved his hanging as a murderer a few weeks ago. The mother is a quarrelsome scold, and the boys play cowardly tricks

like this. Take off your hood, Hannah, and join us at evening meal that the goodwife is already cooking. I can smell corn-meal cake, and I know there is porridge."

"With plenty of milk to eat on it! No wonder that Dr. Fuller says I am growing fat," was Hannah's response, as she helped Elizabeth Howland to serve the supper. She wished her mother and Richard might share it.

"How is this little scholar getting on with Mistress Hicks?" asked John Howland, as the women cleared away the trenchers and washed the wooden spoons.

"It is not so easy as it looks," laughed Hannah. "I try so hard to make the letters as Elder Brewster and Mistress Hicks make them—but they do not look like theirs. I know I shall *never* learn to spell—that is the hardest."

"Spelling is not so important for women," John Howland comforted her, "for many fine letter-writers spell the same word in many different ways—even Governor Bradford does so. Our good Queen Elizabeth never learned to spell."

"I *am* learning to copy the words of the text that Robert Cushman gave in his sermon in Plymouth several years ago. Elder Brewster says it was a noble sermon. Wouldn't John Wilson be sur-

prised if I could write the letters of the text and bring them back to Boston?"

"Aye, it *was* a noble sermon, and the text remains in our memories," said Elizabeth Howland, as she put a fresh bandage from one of John Howland's old handkerchiefs on the hurt knee of Desire.

"I know it by heart: 'Let no man seek his own; but every man another's wealth.'" Hannah repeated the words with Elizabeth.

"That would be a fine text for Mary Allerton to embroider on the sampler she is making. You know she married Thomas Cushman, the son of this Robert," Elizabeth explained to Hannah. "I know no better way to learn the letters of the alphabet than by embroidering them on a sampler."

"You mustn't make Hannah such a scholar that she will fail as a good housewife," said John Howland, with a teasing smile.

"Little danger of that, John. Hannah is an excellent cook and is deft at mending rents in kersey and linen. That cape will need your needle's skill—thanks to Francis Billington."

"My mother taught me how to knit and mend, for she was a skilful sempstress for the Countess of Lincoln and Lady Arbella. And I am to learn to do something else which will help Mother to earn some money for us, now that Father is—gone."

“What are you going to do?”—they asked the question together.

“I shall learn to make candles of bayberry. We need more candles in Boston, for oil for the pewter lamps is costly. We burn pine-knots for light in our log cabins. Governor Winthrop has asked for more candles from England, with nails and glass, but no one knows how soon the ships with supplies will get across the ocean in this winter weather. Mother used to mould candles in old Boston, and sometimes I helped her.”

“Where will you get material for the candles, child, for wax and tallow are scarce in the winter?” queried Elizabeth Howland.

“The candles are not to be of tallow or wax but of *bayberry!*”

“But the candles of bayberry were all moulded last autumn, Hannah, for we Plymouth housewives met at the home of Elizabeth Warren and worked for several days, to make up our winter’s supply of candles, both of tallow and of bayberry. Only within the last two years have we used bayberry for other things than salve and soap—but now we think the candles are more fragrant and last longer than other kinds. We gather the bayberries near the settlement.”

“You let Hope and me help you gather bunches

of bayberry and bring them home in the basket that Squanto gave us," said Desire.

"Mistress Warren has some bayberry branches that she saved because of their fragrance; she has kept them in a jar above her fireplace. She says that she fears the berries will drop, now that they are dry, if we are not careful when we move the branches—but that I may have them. When they are boiled and skimmed and then melted over, and put into a candle-rod or mould, with the wicks, they have a beautiful color. I'm sure Mother will be glad of them. But I must go back to Mistress Fuller's to make sauce of dried apples, to eat with the spiced meat to-morrow."

"Good-bye and good luck to you, child," said John Howland, "and perhaps next year, should we go to Boston, we would see a swinging sign, like those in London-town, in front of shops and inns, that would read: 'Hannah Garrett, candle-moulder to the Queen.'"

CHAPTER IX

DONATION PARTY AND RETURN TO BOSTON

WORD came to Plymouth, the middle of February, that the ice was breaking up in Boston harbor and it would be open for sailing vessels. Dr. Fuller said that Henry Harwood might venture back on the shallop or some larger boat. In the spring, said the doctor, *he* would be coming to Boston and would see how the still crippled legs were progressing. It might have been well if Harwood had been willing to stay longer in Plymouth, to keep up his strength with good food and daily care, but he was anxious to return to his young wife.

The shallop, which Richard Garrett had borrowed from William Coddington, had been brought from Nauset to Plymouth and repaired, but it was not tested as to its seaworthy qualities. Hannah and Henry Harwood would be sent home in a larger shallop, furnished by William Wright, the carpenter of Plymouth and brother-in-law of Governor Bradford. Two of the men who had been in Garrett's party would sail back in his bor-

rowed shallop, keeping as close as they could to Wright's boat. One of these men had stopped at Eastham on that freezing day, when he started to get aid from Plymouth; then he had been taken on snowshoes by friendly Indians to Sandwich, or Scusset, where he had stayed with some fishermen through the winter. They had brought him, in a little sloop to Plymouth, for he was a good seaman.

Hannah was to have a woman companion on her voyage to Boston. Humility Cooper, who had come in the *Mayflower*, had been urged by English friends to return to her old home, for she was not strong enough to endure the cold winters of New England. Elizabeth Howland was sorry to have her go, for she was her mother's cousin and had been very kind and helpful to the Tilley and Howland families. Edward Winslow was soon to leave for England, on one of his many commissions for the colony; he wished to consult with Governor Winthrop before he sailed, so he would stop in Boston for Humility Cooper, a little later in the spring.

There were still snowdrifts about Plymouth, and the air was keen and frosty, but the sun was higher every day, and chances favored a safe passage to Boston, if they should choose a day when the sea was calm.

“No more drifting out beyond Gurnet’s Nose,” said John Howland. “Some day there will be a beacon light placed there, to guide and warn sailors.”

“Better make them ‘twin lights,’ ” laughingly said Priscilla Alden—“one at each end of the little island.”

“Add a bridge to the land at Duxbury,” said Captain Standish, taking up the subject in a joking mood, “then we could more easily gather in the lobsters that are found all about Gurnet.”

Two days before Hannah left Plymouth, she had been surprised by a “donation-party” at Dr. Fuller’s, arranged by her many friends; Elizabeth Howland had started the plan, and found every one eager to help in its success. The girl, who had been through such a tragic experience and lost her father, yet never allowed her troubles to make her unpleasant company for others, had made a warm place for herself in the affections of the Plymouth women. The men—older, like Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford and Stephen Hopkins, and those who were younger—admired her courage and pluck.

She was sitting at a table in the Howland home, laboriously trying to make her letters “neatly,”

while her eyes would wander over the books and out of the window towards Duxbury and what was already called "Captain's Hill," because Miles Standish had chosen it for his new home. She had copied a few texts of sermons for her mother—and on each she had written her name, both with labor and pride. Mistress Fuller had borrowed, from Barbara Standish, the verse which Lorea would work into her sampler when she was old enough to embroider nice letters in cross-stitch. Hannah thought it was a beautiful motto, when it was read to her, so John Howland had copied it, in his fine handwriting, for her to show to her mother and Faith. She would ask Mistress Anne Bradstreet, the poetess, to write some lines for Hannah to embroider—then she would have a sentiment of her very *own*.

"I wonder if we shall ever have enough linen and colored threads to use for samplers in Boston," Hannah said. "I would rather make candles and brew herbs for medicine than sew," she confessed.

"Every girl *must* like to sew, child, for that is a large part of her education," Elizabeth Howland advised her. "Mistress Barbara Standish is expert at embroidering fine lace caps and making samplers. Have you learned the motto for Lorea's masterpiece?"

“Yes, I know it by heart:

“Lorea Standish is my Name.
Lord, Guide my Heart that I may do thy Will,
And fill my Days with such convenient Skill
As will conduce to Virtue void of Shame,
And I will give the Glory to thy Name.”

What does ‘conduce’ mean? and ‘void’?” asked Hannah.

Elizabeth Howland was seeking for an answer—she had decided to say that John Howland would explain the words best to her—when there was a sudden noise of much laughter and stamping of feet and, as the door opened, a gay voice called, “Hannah Garrett, are you at home?”

At the door stood Damaris and Deborah Hopkins with Mary Allerton (or Mrs. Thomas Cushman), Priscilla Alden and Barbara Standish behind them, laughingly lifting in a wicker cradle full of “surprises.” One had brought a pumpkin, another two measures of corn; there were bunches of dried apples and more of sassafras. Even more exciting was an apron and a flowered kirtle for Hannah, a pair of gloves for her mother, and a red knitted cap for Richard. Mary Chilton Winslow had sent a knitted bag, mate to the one given her on her wedding day, which had been much admired by Hannah when she spent an afternoon in

the Winslow home. She wished she might tell Prudence Starr, Mary's cousin in old Boston, all about this home, with its fine furniture, pewter and Venetian glass—and the gift of this beautiful bag! How lovely it was in color and shape!

The visitors had brought food for the "surprise party," cold joints and salads, and some of those possets and manchets—little cakes made of flour, sugar, and spice by Priscilla Alden—dainties which would make the Boston children shout with joy. Hannah decided that she would not eat her share this afternoon—she had had them so often during her stay in Plymouth—but she would take them home to Richard and Faith. She surely would have a big package of gifts for her family.

After supper, they taught Hannah how to make corn "pop" and become all fluffy and white. This was a trick that they had learned of the Indian, Squanto, and the wife of Hobomok, who had shown the children of Miles Standish how to put the corn in a skillet and hold it over a hot fire, until it "popped open." "It will be a long time before the Boston people will have corn enough to 'pop,' unless their supply is much larger than it was last winter," Hannah said. However she was glad to watch the kernels open and to eat the delicate food, so white and well-flavored.

It would be hard to leave these kind-hearted Plymouth friends and go back where food was, probably, still scarce and there must be sadness and anxiety. Hannah did not linger on this thought that came to her the night after the "donation-party." She looked forward to seeing her mother, and Richard and Faith, and she anticipated telling them all the wonderful things that had come into her life during the six weeks at Plymouth. She hoped they would not want her to tell about *that* night on the shallop, and the sleep that came upon Father, so that he could not waken. She would tell them all about the Plymouth families who had been so kind to her. Richard might not like to have her say that Captain Miles Standish was not so good-looking as Governor Bradford or Edward Winslow—or even as John Alden and John Howland. He seemed small and awkward beside these men. She had said similar words one day to Dr. Fuller (when he had taken her to the Captain's house on one of his visits) and the doctor had laughed and said, "Well, Hannah, our good Captain looks *better* in his breastplate and helmet than he does in fustian. He is a valiant man, in spite of his small stature. That rascal, Thomas Morton, used to call him 'Captain Shrimp,' in derision of his size and red hair. Some day, however, there

will be a monument to Miles Standish for his services to Plymouth Colony."

"Yes, it should stand on the top of Captain's Hill in Duxbury," Hannah suggested with lively imagination and unconscious prophecy.

Hannah was surprised to see so many gathered to say *Good-bye* to her, the morning she left Plymouth dock. Nathaniel Morton, with his mastiff, was there. Giles Hopkins was throwing sticks into the water to tempt Betty Alden's dog to swim after them—but the little dog shivered and sniffed. He knew it was not time yet for seashore bathing.

There were the White boys and Samuel Fuller, Constant Southworth and John Cooke, and Francis Billington, standing aloof as usual. Hannah thought it would be polite to thank them all, boys and girls, for coming to see her this morning, and for their kindness to her while she had been at Plymouth. She was sure Lady Arbella and her mother would wish her to "remember her manners." When she said "Thank you for coming" to the boys, Francis Billington sneered, "We didn't come to see you; we came to see the shallop"—then he laughed in a teasing way. It was not very polite, thought Hannah, and she was embarrassed; but perhaps Richard might have said the same words, for boys do not like to be considered interested in

the affairs of girls. As she stepped into the shallop, Nathaniel Morton came forward and said, "Good-bye," and his mastiff leaped about Hannah, who patted the dog and said: "Do you want to go, too? You're such a big dog there wouldn't be any room for me in the boat. You are better off to stay with your master"—and she waved a smiling "Good-bye." She recalled that Mistress Fuller had said that the father of Nathaniel Morton died soon after they reached Plymouth; probably, he felt sorry for her because she had lost *her* father.

That loss seemed more keen as they traversed the course back to Boston. Again the sun had given a false promise—the clouds were gathering and scurries of snow came fitfully, as the shallop reached Nantasket. Mistress Fuller had prepared an ample luncheon for the voyagers, including a wild turkey, stuffed with nuts, and some of her delicious cheese-cakes. She had added three bottles of her home brew. Hannah wished that she felt more hungry, for the food was so tempting, and she knew she would not find such in Boston. She could save her share of the fowl and cakes to share with her mother and Richard and Faith—there would be "just a taste" for each.

She was warm, for she had been given a knitted hood and muffler by Elizabeth Howland, and a

heavy cloak of woolen, lined with red satin, that Mistress Winslow had sent to her the day before "with compliments of Susanna White Winslow and Mary Chilton Winslow." Humility Cooper, who had been talking with Henry Harwood about the affairs of the two settlements in Plymouth and Boston, now realized suddenly that Hannah was feeling lonely and sad. She suggested that she should lie down on the mat of braided rushes in the cabin, with a skin rug over her, and have a little nap, so she would be rested when they reached Boston. She sat beside the girl and held her hand, humming softly the words of an old Psalm until Hannah fell asleep, as the shallop sailed on to Boston harbor.

"Hey, gadfly! You surely have been doing some gadding this time," was the tactful greeting of Richard as Hannah, clutching her precious possessions and gifts, stepped off the boat and on the dock at Boston. It made her *laugh* when she had expected to *cry*. Then her mother and Faith kissed her and smiled, and Faith wanted to know, at once, what Hannah had in her baskets and bundles. Mother had told them to be cheerful when Hannah came, for it would be very hard for her to return without her father.

Her mother was so brave—not a complaint nor a tear. She seemed very thin, and so did Richard and Faith, in comparison with the sturdy young people whom Hannah had left in Plymouth. They all spoke of *her* fine color and plump face. Mistress Harwood cried a little, when she saw her husband's crippled condition, but he spoke cheerily to her, as the seamen lifted him from the shallop and placed him on a litter of covered boards, on which two younger men would carry him to the Garrett home.

Humility Cooper was to go to Thomas Dudley's home to remain until Edward Winslow should come for her to sail for England. Samuel and Patience Dudley were at the dock, with Stephen Winthrop, to greet them. There was Mistress Anne Bradstreet farther down the lane, talking with Mistress Dudley and waving her handkerchief in welcome. Hannah wondered if she had written any more poetry. How proud she would be to tell Mistress Anne that now *she* could read simple words and write even more than her name. Richard was packing her gifts into a cart which he had made from some bent iron and wood, to carry clams and fish from the shore to the log cabins. "He will soon be a wheelwright," said Mother proudly, as Hannah examined the wheels. "In

the winter he can make the cart into a sled. Governor Winthrop is much pleased with Richard's ideas about moving the frame house, and making charts for lanes and plots of ground in the settlement." Hannah looked at her tall brother with a new realization of his ability and courage.

Sharp was the contrast between Plymouth and Boston in that winter of 1631. Abundance and good cheer, plenty of good food and clothes, with houses furnished almost as in old England with pewter, cabinets, chairs, and chests, soft beds and "pillow-beeres," in Plymouth; in Boston, scanty portions of food, dim fires and few candles, houses that were makeshift shelters against the storms and cold. Hannah looked at the threadbare clothes worn by most of the women, even when they wore their "best" to meeting on the Sabbath, and she thought of the petticoats of quilted satin and the embroidered kirtles, caught at the hips with bunches of gay ribbons, that she had seen in Plymouth homes.

When she spoke to her mother of the lack of varied food here and the "feasts" where she had been—never with an accent of complaint for herself but sympathy for them—she was told that the worst was past now because the *Lyon* had come in early in February, with a load of supplies.

“We were close to famine,” she said, “for the last batch of meal at Governor Winthrop’s house was in the oven; he had divided his share with those in need—but the last was reached.”

“Dr. Fuller told me that, during that second winter in Plymouth, rations were so low that their food ‘was only a bit of fish or lobster without any bread or relish but a cup of fair spring water,’ ” Hannah recalled.

“We were in much the same condition,” continued her mother. “Governor Winthrop decreed a ‘fast day’ for prayers that the supply-ship might come to our rescue.”

“To have a *fast* day was not anything unusual,” Richard said. “A *feast* day would be more of a novelty”—but his mother chided him gently for what she feared might be impiety. Hannah looked at her brother, so tall but so thin, and she knew that his words were from *lack of food*, not lack of reverence.

“The very day that was to be a fast day, February 5th, dawned bright and clear,” said Mistress Garrett. “As we gathered at midday for the sermon by John Wilson, under the ‘great elm’ (for it was warmer out of doors in the sun than in the cold meeting-house) some one looked through a spy-glass out to sea—and there was a

ship trying to enter the harbor. As it came nearer, we saw it was the *Lyon*, with good Captain Pierce bringing us cattle and meal and other supplies and, as the Psalmist says, ‘our mourning was turned into joy.’

“‘Now we can have some milk for our porridge,’ said Faith. ‘If poor kitty had lived, she would have had a dish of milk and a scrap of meat.’”

“I wondered where kitty was,” Hannah said, “but we had so many other things to talk about last night that I did not ask. What happened to her?”

“She got caught in a trap set for bears,” Richard explained. “She was always mewing around in a hungry fashion, for we could give her nothing but fish or nuts. She probably wandered off into the woods to find food and got caught. It seemed best to end her suffering when we found her, so I borrowed a musket.”

“Poor kitty! She was one of the victims of pioneer adventuring in the new land,” said their mother with a blend of a sigh and a smile. For a moment her face became sad as she thought of that other “adventurer.” “Now we will have pumpkins, barley and meat in small quantities, and milk for cheeses, so we have no cause for fear of famine.

Governor Winthrop has appointed February 22nd as a *feast* day, not a fast day, in gratitude for our deliverance and blessings. You are back in time to keep this joyful day with us, daughter!"

"Yes, and we'll begin our good cheer by lighting two of the bayberry candles that I have brought from Plymouth this very evening"—and Hannah took two of the fragrant candles from her precious store and put them in the pewter candlesticks on a shelf that Richard had made above the fireplace. She burned them only a few minutes each evening before going to bed. She called attention to the pretty green color of the candles, and their sweet odor as they burned. "They are so much better than candles of tallow," she urged; "they last longer and will not topple over and melt in the warm weather."

The evening before the "feast day," she told her mother and Richard about her plan to make bayberry candles for the Boston colonists, the next autumn when the bayberries could be gathered. "Elizabeth Howland has promised to send me a supply from Plymouth, if I cannot find enough about here. Perhaps we could all go to Plymouth some day and gather the bushes ourselves—and perhaps Richard could see some of Captain Standish's wonderful swords."

She glanced at Richard who was standing, staring into the dying fire. He did not answer—probably he had slight interest in what she, a *girl*, might suggest. He felt the responsibility of a householder, now that his father was dead, and there seemed so few ways in which he could earn money in Boston, or even in the outlying settlements of Roxbury and Watertown. The roads were clogged with mud and slush and there was no chance to haul timber or build new houses. What Hannah was saying about “earning money” was nonsense; of course, *no girl* could conduct any “business.”

Governor Winthrop had spoken kindly to Richard, after he had heard of his father’s death, and said: “Your father sacrificed his life in the hope that he might help the colony, by bringing supplies of food from Plymouth. We will help *you* to care for your mother and sisters. In the spring I purpose to plant orchards and gardens at my farm on the Mistick River—perhaps I shall build there a sloop for the use of the settlers at Boston and vicinity—and *you* may find work there with us, if your mother is willing.” This hope alone seemed to cheer Richard through the long days of mid-winter.

Mistress Garrett and Mistress Harwood, how-

ever, were more responsive to Hannah's reports of what she did in Plymouth and what she hoped to do in Boston. She had brought home a few skeins of yarn and the women were knitting caps, like the one which Hannah had brought for Richard. She told them about the slashed-sleeve gown which the Governor's wife, stately Alice Bradford, wore on "great occasions," and the pretty coat with silver lace which Mary Chilton Winslow was treasuring, perhaps for a visit to Boston. "Her husband, John Winslow, is always buying and selling property around Plymouth; he thought he would move to Boston when that settlement grew larger, for he believed it had better chances for trade and growth than Plymouth had. He said he would like to become owner and master of merchant ships—and he will name one of them *Mary*."

With more earnestness, Hannah and her mother talked about her plan for making bayberry candles, in place of those of tallow or wax. "Candles cost four pence each in Salem and are scarce at that," said Mistress Garrett. "I am told by Mistress Dudley that Governor Winthrop has written to his wife to bring *many candles*, when she comes next autumn. If we could get wicks—or enough hemp or tow to make wicks—we should be fortunate."

“I remember that Mistress Anne Bradstreet said, when we were in Charlestown, that there was a plant, called milkweed, from which the children plucked ‘silk down,’ that could be spun into candle-wicks,” Hannah said. “Perhaps I could make enough candles to sell in Salem, Dorchester, and New-Town, as well as in Boston, if I could get more candle-moulds and some of the older women to help us,” she ended with rising ambition.

“We will see, child! When this cold winter is overpast! It is a good idea—that of making candles of bayberry, for it is fragrant and enduring. Perhaps we could adapt that old adage of Thomas Tupper’s to ‘bayberry’ and say:

“‘Wife, make thine own candle,
Spare penny to handle

Provide for thy tallow (or bayberry) ere frost cometh in,
And make thine own candle ere winter begin.’”

CHAPTER X

FEASTS, FASTS, AND EXCITEMENTS

THE tide of fortune had turned for the Boston colonists with the coming of the *Lyon* in early February and the breaking up of ice in the harbor, the middle of the month. In preparation for the Feast Day on February 22nd, the women showed new zest in cooking, now that they had good material; they spiced meats and salted eggs; they made dumplings and puddings, loaf, and seed-cakes.

“ ’Tis the first time I have used the skillet to boil a pudding in, since my dear husband bade me bring it from old Boston for that purpose,” Mistress Garrett spoke in gentle tones to Mistress Harwood. “ *He* would have rejoiced at the turn of the tide for the settlement—and he would have bidden me be cheerful and brave.”

The women and children wore their “best” for the service of thanksgiving, although the clothes looked worn and old beside those that Hannah had seen in Plymouth. She begged to wear her bluebird locket, and so it was taken from the chest and fastened, with much care, on the slender, gold

chain about her neck. "Better hide that trinket, if any Indians come to the festival," Richard warned, with a laugh.

Across the lanes, still slippery or slushy, walked the people, old and young, to the meeting-house. The building had mud walls and an earthen floor, with a roof of thatch and grasses. It was cold and dark. Mistress Dudley, and the daughters of Sir Richard Saltonstall, Rosamond and Grace, brought their foot-stoves; other women found their feet often benumbed, in spite of heavy woolen hose.

As they gathered, Richard "sounded the drum" with loud notes. John Wilson thought the noise was *too* lively and, touching the lad on the shoulder, he said, "Let the notes be more sedate, more like those of our psalms, for remember this is a day of prayer as well as thanksgiving." Richard gave outward heed to the warning but his inward desire was to beat and whistle the familiar, rousing strains of an old marching song, with lively measures, which the schoolmaster had taught the boys in old Boston. He wondered if he would be permitted to use the drum, after the service was over and the people were marching, in a procession, to the Governor's house and that of William Coddington for the "feast." Probably some one

would think it was “too lively for such a solemn occasion.”

Mr. Phillips had come from Watertown, Mr. Maverick from Dorchester, and Mr. Skelton from Salem, to share with John Wilson in the thanksgiving service. Among the valued articles brought in the *Lyon* were a sun-dial and an hour-glass. The first was to be placed beside the spring near William Blackstone’s house; the other was already on the raised desk in the meeting-house. The children would have plenty of chances to-day to watch the sand flow down and back, when the glass was reversed—probably twice or more before the close of the service.

With lusty voices, old and young joined in the hymn, for they could *feel* as well as sing:

“All people that on earth do dwell
Praise God with cheerful voice.”

The famine was over and past; if days of *plenty* were not actually come, they could not be far away now, and all would be sure of a rich dinner after the service. It *did* end at last, after the four ministers had prayed and preached, and Governor Winthrop had “exhorted” them all to greater faith and gratitude. “We shall long remember this day, February 22nd, as a day of rejoicing and

gladness. This should become a holiday—to be celebrated from year to year."

When they came out from the meeting-house, they found a group of Indian men and squaws gathered around them, waiting to join in the celebration. Sagamore John and Sagamore James had entered the meeting-house and listened in silence—and amazement—to what must seem to them a very dull ceremonial, compared with their religious festivals and dances. Sagamore James was dressed in the English suit of clothes that he had asked Governor Winthrop to procure for him. Yawata was with the women; Hannah was anxious to tell her, through some interpreter, how kind the squaws at Nauset had been to her and how beautiful Winniyata was! As she came towards the Indian woman, she smiled and beckoned. When Yawata approached, Hannah noticed that the squaw had fixed her eye upon the blue-bird locket. Oh! Was she to have more trouble with that precious keepsake? Should she hide it beneath her kerchief? No, Yawata was not a *thieving* Indian. Think how she had offered her moccasins, in place of the shoe that the little dog had spoiled! It would be an insult to such a good friend to distrust her and hide the locket! Yawata came closer and touched the bright jewel with her

finger. Then she said, "Pretty!" Next she touched Hannah's rosy cheeks and said, with a musical laugh, "Pretty!"

"Hannah! Hannah! Why, child, you are spoiling the order of the procession." Mistress Garrett hastened, with Faith by her hand, to draw Hannah back into line.

"This is the squaw who guided us home, Mother," she said, "when we were lost and the little dog chewed my shoe."

Her mother paused to smile and offer her hand, with a kindly "Thank you!" to Yawata. Then she urged Hannah back into the procession that was already forming, by threes, to walk to the Governor's house.

"Later," Hannah called to Yawata—perhaps the Indian understood, for she waved her hand in farewell and nodded her head.

The Indian men straggled along after the colonists, hoping for some of the food, if any remained after the feast. Afterwards, they would gather and have their *own* celebration, with a game of chance. They hoped they might have a big campfire there, for the night was cold. A few days before, through an interpreter, Sagamore John had been warned against possible fires near the settlement, lest in high winds sparks might set fire to

the thatched roofs of the meeting-house and log cabins. But to-day was a *festival*; perhaps they would be allowed to have a fire. Sagamore John promised that they would watch it carefully, and see that no embers remained aglow when they returned to their encampment.

Hannah hid three of the seed-cakes—a part of her share—in her long pocket. She would give them to Yawata if that “later” reunion became possible. She slipped two of her cheese-cakes into Richard’s trencher, for he needed all the rich food that he could eat. Anna Pollard was there, eager to hear from Hannah the latest news about Plymouth. She whispered that Thomas Dudley was not pleased because Governor Winthrop had moved his frame house to Boston and had decided to settle there. The Dudleys would remain in New-Town and *they* thought the Governor should stay there—but the latter thought Boston the better place to live. He advised building a fort at New-Town, and some people were anxious to change its name to Cambridge. Richard did not look with welcoming eyes at Anna Pollard—although she *did* look very pretty—for he remembered how often she had lured Hannah into truant ways.

Yes, they were allowing the Indians to have their big bonfire at the foot of Trimontaine! The men

had already brought fagots and larger pieces of wood and placed them under the bare trees. Would she be able to stay and see their games and talk with Yawata? Hannah queried. She asked her mother who consented, *if* Richard would stay with her for a little while. Faith must be taken home and put to bed after the long, exciting day, for she had begun to complain of that old enemy, ague in her ear.

Richard, when appealed to, was not eager to have the oversight of Hannah but he was not unwilling to stay, for he felt a man's responsibility about the possibility of fire in the settlement, as a result of the big blaze. The wind was rising and sparks might blow towards the meeting-house and its thatched roof. "Yes, I will 'keep an eye on Hannah,'" he told his mother; "otherwise she might go off again with that 'romping girl' and give us another scare."

Yawata was standing outside the circle of Indian men, with the son of Sagamore John beside her. He was a friendly little boy and smiled when Hannah came near them. He had brought a small bow and arrow and, laughingly, pointed his arrow at Hannah. Quickly, Yawata spoke to him sharply and shook her head, and he lowered the plaything, with a look of shame. "He was only in fun, just

playing with it," Hannah said, as she took her seed-cakes from her pocket and gave one to him and the others to Yawata. How was she going to make this squaw understand about the Nausets and Winniyata? It was not so difficult as Hannah feared it might be. After all, people *can* communicate without the same language, if they have an idea in common and know how to make gestures. First she said to Yawata two words, pointing towards what she believed to be the direction of Cape Cod —the words, "Nauset" and "Winniyata." At first, Yawata seemed stolid and inattentive, so Hannah repeated the words more slowly, pointing first to herself, then towards Cape Cod. Suddenly, a new light came into the face of Yawata and she bowed her head several times and repeated the words, "Nauset," and "Winniyata." She *did* understand that Hannah had been among the Nausets and had seen Winniyata. She must have known who the Indian maiden was, for she said her name with intelligent tone.

What next? How should she tell about the kindness shown her? The Indians knew the word, "good," so she used *that* and pointed to herself, then away to the place where she believed the tribe lived, then she said "good," touching herself again. Yes, Yawata knew what she was trying to say, for

she nodded and said, "Nausets good." Hannah knew that Richard was laughing a little, with Stephen Winthrop and Samuel Dudley who had formed a group near her, at her efforts to talk with the squaw. Probably, he would tell her she was "away off," in her chosen direction for Cape Cod, but never mind! *if* Yawata understood. Another word that was familiar to Indian ears was "Come." In sign language, she conveyed her meaning that she hoped Winniyata would come to Boston some time—and Yawata answered, after a little period of silence, "Winniyata—come" and indicated that she should "come to Boston" where they were now watching the fire glow. Then she added, "Sagamore John—Winniyata." Now what did that mean? That *she* should ask Sagamore John to have Winniyata come to Boston? Suddenly, light came to her memory to solve the problem of that relationship. She remembered that her father had said one of Sagamore John's brothers had perished in the swamps with the Nauset sachem. Perhaps Winniyata was the niece of this good friend of the Boston colonists and his sister. It was a happy thought that sometime Winniyata *might* come, so Hannah could show her some friendliness. She might teach the Boston women to make such moccasins, as the wife of Hobomok had shown the

Plymouth matrons, so they could send them to friends in England, as gift-souvenirs of New England. If Hannah could learn to make them, and could get some beads and quills, she might make more money to add to the shillings and pence from the sale of bayberry candles, which her vivid imagination had already foretold for her and her mother.

What was happening? The boys were all running down towards the shore, even Richard who was forgetting "to keep an eye on Hannah." A dog was barking. There seemed to be wild commotion among the few hens and rooster that had been brought in the *Lyon* and placed, within a yard with palings about it, in the rear of William Coddington's house. Usually, at that hour in the early evening, not a sound came from these new visitors to the colony, but, at daybreak, the rooster would crow so lustily that Hannah was often wakened by his proclamation that daylight was coming. Why were they making such a noise *now*? Something must have frightened them.

One person recognized the barking of the dog—namely, his little master, the son of Sagamore John. Off he ran, still grasping his bow and arrow, towards the sound of the disturbance and the cackling

hens. Sagamore John rose from before the fire, where he had been watching the game of dice. With the slow stride of the Indian, and his inexpressive face, he went to investigate what had caused the noise and the excitement of his son. He spoke to Yawata, as he passed her and Hannah.

Back they came—the group of boys laughing and the Indian lad holding his dog in one arm and his bow and arrow under the other. Stephen Winthrop explained what had happened. Evidently, the small dog had been left at the encampment and tied there—he still had a part of his leash on him. He had broken away, “smelled” his way to his master’s trail, and intended to become a quiet member of the party. “But he found some unexpected neighbors in Boston,” said Stephen with a laugh, “probably heard some noise from the hens’ roost, so he leaned over the palings and barked his surprise.”

March was a month of some excitement for the younger colonists and anxiety for the older. March 17th, two houses, well built and well furnished for that time, belonging to Mr. Sharp and Mr. Colburn, were burned down and their goods lost. Again, the Governor and his Council urged the joiners to refuse to make *wooden* chimneys, or use thatched roofs—but material for shingles was

scarce, and it took a long time to build stone or brick chimneys.

“ ‘Tis a double sorrow that has come to Mr. Sharp,” said Mistress Garrett, when she was told of the fire and loss. “ Only two months ago he lost his daughter by death, after a long illness. Governor Winthrop, at a noble funeral service, said of her: ‘ She was a godly virgin—there has not been the like loss of any woman since we came here.’ ”

“ He must have forgotten Lady *Arbella*,” Hannah said, ever loyal to this noble lady of old Boston.

“ No, he meant not since we left *England* but since we settled in Boston,” her mother explained, “ and it was a good tribute.”

Sir Richard Saltonstall, who had come with his daughters in the *Arbella*, planned to return to England in the spring, probably on the ship which carried Edward Winslow and Humility Cooper. He would leave some of his family and his servants behind. Before he sailed a serious charge was brought against one of the servants, James Woodward. He had burned two wigwams belonging to some of the tribe over which Sagamore John ruled. There was no provocation for the act, for the Sagamore and his Indians were gentle and

friendly towards the settlers. The servant *must* be punished by whipping and sitting in the stocks, and Sir Richard was required to pay to Sagamore John, for satisfaction, "seven yards of cloth."

"That will be a *satisfaction* indeed to Sagamore John," Thomas Dudley declared with a laugh, "for like Sagamore James, he is anxious to wear English clothes."

"That servant, James Woodward, is a menace to the community," remarked Simon Bradstreet as the two men rode on horseback from Boston to Dorchester, to consult on some matters with Samuel Maverick, the friendly and wise minister of Dorchester. He had led the group from Dorchester and Plymouth in old England, those who came in the *Mary and John*, a short time before Winthrop's fleet.

"It is difficult to make the people regard the rights of others," said Dudley. "Chickatabot and Sagamore John have pledged satisfaction for any injury that *their Indians* may do to *our* people or cattle. They seem more likely to keep *their* pledges than some of our own settlers, who allow their cattle and swine to invade the land belonging to their neighbors. They do not respect the laws."

"We must not be too lenient with offenders. If

lawlessness becomes rife, it will infect the Indians as well as the ignorant colonists."

"Right you are in that, Simon Bradstreet. You should say those words to Governor Winthrop, for he seems unduly lax at times. Do you recall the day when one of the men stole from his woodpile? He caught him, but invited him into his house, showed him where more wood was, and told him to take some if he needed it."

"The Governor is ever gentle in judgment; he heard that the man's wife was dying in the cold. He believed, also, that this might cure the man of his habit of stealing; he would apply what John Wilson so often reads to us from Holy Writ—'to overcome evil with good.'"

"That's a dangerous doctrine, if carried too far in a lonely colony," Dudley warned. "Perhaps we shall have to find a Captain Miles Standish to deal with lawless prowlers."

"It was a sad day for this colony when Robert Weldon died last month. He would soon have been 'captain of one hundred foot' in Boston and nearby settlements. The Thursday training-days would have been a lesson to lawless whites or red men. We paid him due honor, as a soldier, when we fired a salute of three guns at his burial."

"Who will be found for his successor?" asked

Dudley. "If young Richard Garrett were older he would make a fine captain, for he is alert and faithful in whatever he may be asked to do. He is too young for heavy responsibility yet—although his father's death threw such on him—but in a few years—mark you my words!—he will be one of the most valued men in this colony, to keep order and encourage industry."

"*Did you hear that?*" almost shouted Hannah, as the men started up their horses and rode down the path. They were wholly unconscious of the fact that three girls—Hannah, Faith, and Mercy Nowell—were gathering pussy willows just off the highway, to carry home, as first assurances of "real spring" for their weary mothers.

It seemed as if they never would get home, thought Hannah in her excitement, to repeat to Mother the splendid tribute she had heard Thomas Dudley pay to Richard. Faith could not hurry very fast; then she fell down on a loose stone, as they crossed the brook, and lost her pussy willows and soiled her cape with mud. "Never mind the pussy willows—you may have some of mine to give Mother—and don't try to brush off the mud *now*, you will only make it worse; let it dry and *then* we will brush it!" Hannah tried not to let her irritation show in her tones to her little sister.

Richard was not at home; he was at the Governor's farm on the Mistick these days, helping to get the cattle-pen finished and plans made for the gardens. "Yes, Richard is a noble boy," said his mother when Hannah told her what Thomas Dudley had said. "He has a good head and he uses it—and he is never idle. I am thankful that he is not reckless but rather slow in ventures"—and Mistress Garrett thought lovingly, but sadly, of the husband who risked *all* in courageous adventuring.

"I would that Richard might have more learning. Had we stayed in England he might have gone to Cambridge, for he was ever a good scholar."

"Mistress Anne Bradstreet says we are to have schools and perhaps a college in New-Town within a short time, and Richard might go to this new Cambridge," cheerfully suggested Hannah.

"No such chance, I fear, for the lad. He must earn money to keep us in shelter, fuel, and food."

"Don't look so sad, Mother. I'm sure *I* can help Richard, if not in moulding candles, then in some other way. Let's sing 'Old Hundredth' before we go to bed and it will be brighter for us in the morning."

An exciting event, with a humorous sequel, took



“DID YOU HEAR THAT?” ALMOST SHOUTED HANNAH.
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place in the last week of March. One of the families at Watertown had lost a calf; it was a red calf and had wandered out from the enclosure. As wolves are especially savage in their attacks on *red* calves, there was alarm in the neighborhood. About ten o'clock some one heard a noise like the howling of wolves; the red calf *must* be in great danger. So one of the men discharged a musket to scare away the wolves. The report of the musket was heard in New-Town and was interpreted to mean that Indians were near. The people were aroused and more shots were fired.

In Boston, on the other side of the river, these shots were heard and Richard was awakened to "beat the drum" and arouse the people. Sleep was over; an anxious watch was kept all night! Some of the men went up to the highest peak of Trimontaine to watch for the first signs of any Indian. They were to fire three shots as warning of danger. A group of older men went down to the dock, lest some Indians might approach in canoes. Just at dawn another horseman arrived from Roxbury; he brought word that the calf had returned, unharmed. "Now that the danger is past," said Governor Winthrop, smiling at the unexpected anticlimax, "we may all go merrily to breakfast."

Somewhat later, in the same settlement at Watertown, a strange "fight" gave John Wilson a text for his next sermon. The fight was between a mouse and a snake. Those who witnessed the combat said that, finally, the mouse won and the snake was killed. No one seemed to know just what weapons were used to win the victory. John Wilson interpreted the unequal conflict thus: "That the snake was the devil; the mouse was a poor, contemptible people, which God had brought thither and which should overcome Satan here and dispossess him of his kingdom." As Hannah listened to this analogy, she wondered what "contemp-ti-ble" meant, and "dis-possess"? She was sure the people of Boston were not so "poor" as they had been, for now they had cows and hens. Mother said they could have a dinner, perhaps the next week, of roast goat. Mistress Harwood had been caring for two goats, but now she had decided to have the old goat killed, for it no longer gave any milk. As *that* day was the Sabbath, they would have only cold food; Hannah was hungry and cold in the bleak meeting-house; she would have liked warm broth of mutton or a dumpling,—but such thoughts were wicked; that was not the way "to overcome Satan." She was a greedy girl, she feared. She must study her Catechism *all* the

afternoon, or some "awful punishment" might come upon her.

In April, occurred an event of great interest to the Garrett household. A son was born to Henry Harwood and his young wife. He was baptized as *John*. "Had the child been a girl, she would have been named *Mercy*," said the young mother, "both in memory of your kindness to me, Mistress *Mercy Garrett*, and the goodness of the Lord in saving the life of my husband on that terrible voyage last December."

Henry Harwood was still disabled for heavy work but he was recovering slowly the use of his legs. Richard was helping, when he was at home, to build a log cabin for him and his family close to that of the Garretts'. The baby boy brought new interests into the life of Mistress Garrett. Soon Hannah and Faith learned to rock him to sleep in his rough, rush-lined cradle. There had been heavy expenses for Henry Harwood, in surgery and loss of time, after his exposure to the bitter cold on Cape Cod. Mistress Garrett was anxious to share with him any small sum that her husband had left. By vote of the Council, of Governor and assistants, on August 16th, 1631, it was "ordered that the executors of Richard Garrett shall pay unto Henry Harwood the sum of 20

nobles, according to the proportion that the goods of the said Richard Garrett shall amount to.”¹

Spring was in the air and in the hearts of the Boston children, as warm days came to destroy memories of fierce winter winds and storms. Soon the fields were rich in color with dandelions, buttercups and daisies, lilacs, and rock roses. Richard found busy days at Governor Winthrop’s farm, “Ten Hills.” Much planting of grains and vegetables was going on; fences and outbuildings were being constructed. One day Richard was told that he might ride a horse to Salem on an errand for the builder, Thomas Graves. He was to place an order there with the foreman of the brick-kilns.

“Oh, how I wish I could go to ride on a horse and see Salem again,” Hannah was thinking out loud, without any expectation of such a “wish coming true.”

“Well, you *may* go, if you will sit still and not fidget,” Richard said, and her delight was almost too great for belief. “We will cross to New-Town in a skiff and find the horse there.”

They took a lunch and brought home, in the same basket, some sprays of yellow flowers that called forth their mother’s surprised question,

¹ A *noble* was an old gold coin valued at 6 shillings, 8 pence.

"*Where* did you find that English gorse, children? I have seen none of it about here."

"It grows all about Salem," answered Hannah. "Desire Hewson gave this to me; she said it was used as packing for some of Governor Endicott's goods when he came to Salem. Some seeds took root, when it was carelessly thrown away. Now the hillsides are like a mountain of gold where it has sprouted and blossomed."

"And poor luck it is for the husbandmen who must plough or hoe it up, lest it overspread their fields and spoil their harvests," Richard said, with a bit of disdain in his voice.

"There will be a few less sprays for them to plough up now, Richard, and it has given a joyful surprise to Mother."

"Aye, it brings back memories of old England."

"Here is another lovely flower, Mother," said Hannah, wishing to rouse her from sad thoughts. "I have only a few sprays of it, for it does not grow so abundantly in Salem as it does in Plymouth, but this will give you a whiff of its fragrance. John Alden calls these pink blossoms 'Mayflowers.'"

The climax to "excitements" this spring was the opening, in June, of the first ferry that crossed

from Boston to Charlestown. This was "set up" by Edward Converse. It was to transport people and goods across "Muddy River."

"As soon as I make some money selling candles, I shall be able to ride, and take you, Faith," Hannah said, as she wistfully saw Richard embark on a mission for Thomas Graves. "It costs now two pence for each single person but only one penny if two or more ride, so we will *all* go—and take Mother with us."

"If we can't go to ride in the *ferry*, we can walk on our feet," said Hannah with plucky spirit. "Mother will let us take a lunch and we will bring her back some wild roses, for they are in their prime just now."

"Who will go with us?" Faith inquired.

While she was pondering that very question—for Stephen Winthrop and Patience Dudley had gone on the ferry, and Anna Pollard was at New-Town—who should come down the highway but Mistress Anne Bradstreet and her faithful serving-maid, Patience. She waved to Hannah and then beckoned; when Hannah and Faith came running forward, she asked:

"Would you like to go with us to gather wild strawberries? We are going to find a place where my brother, Samuel, found them in large quanti-

ties yesterday. Run and tell your mother, then," she said, as she saw their eagerness to go. "I have lunch enough for us all."

What a joyful walk that was! Hannah listened to stories from *Plutarch's Lives*, as told by Mistress Bradstreet, and was stirred to pride and amazement when she quoted to her some of her "lines" about "The Four Seasons." Then Hannah took courage and told this friend about *her* hope to make bayberry candles, and there was immediate response and promise to help. They had gathered several bunches of the wild strawberries, and some wild roses, and were about to start for home when Hannah saw, on a high rock, a large cluster of deep pink roses with beautiful leaves. The others sat down to wait for her—for the sun was getting warm—and she climbed over the vines and tangles up to the rock, with surprising alertness, considering her long skirts.

She had her hands on the bunch of roses when she heard a strange noise at her feet, tangled as they were in the vines. Then she saw a long snake, lifting its head to spring and waving its tail as if in anger. Patience heard the noise and sensed the child's danger. There was not a moment to lose. As she ran up the briary trail to the rock, Patience picked up a big stone in one hand and

tore off a branch of a big bush, scratching her hand badly but never stopping.

“Stand still, Hannah!” she called. “Or rather, step back a few paces, if you can loosen your feet without getting closer to that deadly rattlesnake. I will try to throw this stone, so it will hit him a fatal blow.”

The venomous reptile rattled and hissed when Hannah moved but, before he could attack her, the stone crashed down, thrown by the strong arm and sure aim of Patience. The snake was stunned, if not killed. Patience grasped Hannah by the hand and almost carried her down the tangled path. Patience and Hannah both felt “quivery,” when they tried to walk fast, back to the settlement. “It was a narrow escape, and you have shown your usual courage and strength, Patience,” her mistress commended her.

Then Anne Bradstreet told them the Indian legend about the rattlesnakes — and Hannah thought the legend was prettier to *listen to* than the snake was to see and hear: “Rattlesnakes were saucy Indians. They feared nothing. Glooskap, the god of good, told them that a great flood would drown them, but they did not care. They danced and hurrahed. Glooskap said, ‘The Flood will come down and drown you all,’ but they *would not*

listen; they danced and got their rattles, made of turtle-shells, that were fastened and filled with pebbles. With these they danced until the Flood came. It did not drown them but changed them into *rattlesnakes*. When they see a man coming, they lift their heads and turn about and shake their rattles in their tails, as the Indians used to shake their rattles in their dances."

Anne Bradstreet went home with Hannah and Faith and told their mother about the escape. "Your little daughter was very brave, as was my Patience. We have reason to say our psalms of thankfulness with deep fervor this night."

Yes, Hannah would say her prayers all through without falling asleep! She *was* frightened when she saw that ugly snake, and she loved Patience more than ever before—and she *had* had "an adventure" without going on the ferry across Muddy River.

CHAPTER XI

“THE BLESSING OF THE BAY”

“WHAT do you think is going to happen to-morrow?” Richard asked one evening, as he came home, unexpectedly, and spoke with more animation in his voice than his mother had heard for many a month.

His mother hurried to warm up a piece of meat on the spit in the fireplace, for she was sure he must be hungry, coming such a long way from *Ten Hills*. The girls threw their knitting on the settle and waited anxiously, as he repeated his question, “*What* do you think is going to happen to-morrow?”

“Probably it is to be an Indian scalping-party, if you are so excited about it, Richard,” Hannah said and laughed.

“Don’t be silly!” was the retort. “It is a really *great* event for the colony. Governor Winthrop’s new launch is finished and will be towed down Mistick River into Boston harbor. Now guess what he has given it for a name?”

“The *Boston*” was the first guess—but “wrong,”

said Richard. “*Lady Arbella*” was a second, but that, too, was “wrong.” Mother suggested that it might be “*Margaret*, in honor of his wife,” so soon to arrive in the colony. “No,” said Richard, “you have had three guesses and you would *never* guess it. Now listen; it has a poetic name—‘*The Blessing of the Bay*.’ Now, we shall have a barque in which we may trade with the colonies at Salem and Plymouth, or carry supplies from the larger boats to our scattered settlements.”

“Now, *I* can have a ride in something even better than the Charlestown ferry. Anna Pollard was always boasting that she had been twice on this ferry. Do you think I could ride in the new shallop, Richard, without paying two pence—for I have not any money of my own—yet.”

“Perhaps you may have a ride with me—and so may Mother and Faith, for I am already learning to pilot the barque. To-morrow, July 4th, when it comes down Mistick River, will be a great day for Boston. It will be remembered as another holiday, like that of February 22nd, when the *Lyon’s* coming was celebrated.”

“Will you beat the drum and will the people march down to the dock to see the new boat? and, please, may I go, Mother?” asked Faith.

“Didn’t I tell you I was learning to *pilot* the

boat?" repeated Richard. "How can I be *on* the barque and beating the drum at the same time?"

"May we have some popped corn to-night, to celebrate Richard's new honor as pilot, and the launching of *The Blessing of the Bay?*" Hannah asked her mother, and Faith echoed, "Please."

"Very well, children, but you will have to go without corn in your succotash to-morrow, if you use it to-night, for the supply is not large until the harvest."

"Wouldn't it be splendid if we could go to Plymouth—all of us—in *The Blessing of the Bay* and see Dr. Fuller and other friends there?"

"Not very likely, gadfly. This barque is the property of Governor Winthrop, not of you or me."

"I should love to go and see Winniyata and bring her to Boston to see Yawata," Hannah continued her day-dreaming.

"You would have to explain such a madcap plan to Governor Winthrop—and without success, I fear."

"I *may* tell him some day how kind they were to us and that this Indian maiden is the niece of Sagamore John," Hannah declared. "If we can't go in *this* new shallop, we may go in some larger one."

“It would not be seemly nor maidenly for you to trouble the Governor with such trifling matters, Hannah, when he has so many weightier affairs to ponder. But if you do speak to him, don’t forget your courtseys, as you and Faith did, when Thomas Dudley spoke to you yesterday after meeting. We must keep our *manners* in this new country, even if our *clothes* become shabby. But the meat is hot for Richard; get him some brew of strawberry leaves and sassafras, that I made yesterday, in the small flagon, and bring the measure of corn for roasting—or popping—as you call it.”

Summer days brought many tasks; the peas and beans must be shelled and dried for winter’s use. Herbs and berries were gathered for brews and medicines. Rushes were stored to braid into mats and other uses during the winter. How they did love the summer days and dread those of the long, cold winter! More substantial houses were being erected and Richard was often consulted regarding plans and construction. “My right-hand man!” Thomas Graves told Mistress Garrett one day, in speaking of the lad. “He is always reliable and has good ideas.”

Ships came in with more linen and flax for weaving and spinning; cranberries would ripen

soon—if only the frost did not come early and spoil them, or a late hail-storm make havoc with the berries. Apples, plums, and grapes would come in due season from the orchards, already being trimmed and cared for in Watertown, Dorchester and Roxbury. These would provide tarts and jellies for the winter relishes.

Hannah was always on the outlook for bayberry; she found some near New-Town, and Anna Pollard promised to help her gather the waxy berries, as soon as they were fully developed. It required a sharp knife to cut the stems of the boughs, for they were strong. One day she had borrowed one of Richard's two knives for this purpose, with a word of caution on his part that she should not cut her finger, for the knife had just been sharpened on the grindstone at *Ten Hills*. She guarded both her fingers and the knife until the work was done; they had gathered as many branches of the grey bayberry as their hands could hold. Half-way home she saw a few more bushes and she thought she would cut them and hide them behind higher bushes; then the next day she and Faith could borrow Richard's cart and bring them home. *Where* was the knife? She *knew* she had put it in her pocket when they started back with the armful that had been cut near New-Town—but it wasn't

there. She turned her pocket wrong side out—but no knife, only a *hole of good size* in the bottom of that long pocket. Then she remembered that her mother had told her to mend that pocket and another rent in this old, homespun gown the week before, but she had forgotten.

Richard would want that knife—if she lost it, he would *never* lend her anything more than he treasured. The girls hid their bayberry branches and walked slowly back over the path which they had taken, looking everywhere for the knife. Suddenly, they heard voices in front of them, (as it sounded) and from the bushes came out two Indians, talking excitedly. They did not see the girls but continued on the path in advance of them. One of them seemed to be handling an object in his right hand, which he showed to his companion.

“They have found *your knife!*” said Anna Pollard in a whisper. “See! they are both looking at it; I can tell it is yours by one broken blade which the Indian is showing to his comrade and shaking his head.”

“Do you suppose they would give it to me, if we should ask them and promise to give them something in exchange?” Hannah asked.

“*What* have we to give them in barter that they would care for, as they do for the knife?” Anna

protested. "No, we had better leave the knife with them and hurry home, for they might see us, and one of those Indians is wily and treacherous. Samuel Dudley told his father that he was a dangerous member of the Terrentines, who had wandered into the camp of Sagamore John and might make trouble for the friendly Indians, as well as the whites. I remember him, for he is very tall and he has the same beasts painted on his arms as that one had who was holding your knife."

Another adventure for Hannah, she thought, with an ending that was almost tragic—for she knew that Richard would resent the loss of his knife, and she had no money with which to buy him another. She would promise him the very first shillings that she got for her bayberry candles—but he would think she was even more reckless if she should try to get it back from the Indians and, perhaps, "be taken into captivity," as he had so often warned her.

True to their word, the Plymouth friends remembered Hannah with an abundance of bayberry. In late September, Dr. Fuller visited Boston, partly to see how it fared with Henry Harwood and another patient whom he had treated the winter before. He brought a large

basket of the waxy, fragrant bayberries, with the love of his goodwife, and Elizabeth Howland. He brought her a book from Mistress Bradford—her nephew, Nathaniel Morton had brought it to Dr. Fuller and asked him to deliver it to Hannah. It was a “neat copy-book,” with some letters of the alphabet and two Bible texts. Inside were two sprays of pressed Mayflowers, still fragrant. She was excited by the gift and wanted to write a word of thanks—but she had not practised her writing, during the busy summer months, and she was afraid she would make a sorry-looking blot. When she showed her mother the book and the pressed flowers, she told her about Nathaniel’s kindness to her in Plymouth and his loss of his father. She added, “He is a very handsome boy.” Her mother smiled a little, as she realized that her little girl was growing up.

To boil the bayberries until the first dark-green color was changed into a lighter shade was not an easy task; to set the wicks and dip the candles in the waxy fluid was even more difficult. But her mother had made candles of tallow and wax in the old days in England, so she was able to supervise the boiling, the dipping, and the moulding. Richard made more wooden moulds. By the first of October they had a goodly supply of these can-

dles that were a novelty in the Boston colony. Thomas Dudley bought a dozen, paying three pence each—which Hannah feared was *too* expensive—and Simon Bradstreet had ordered another dozen, through Patience, who called often to see Mistress Garrett and talk about “old times” in old Boston. She reported that her mistress, Anne Bradstreet, was not so well since the last baby came but that she was writing “beautiful, religious poems.” The color and fragrance of the bayberry candles would appeal especially to her poetic mistress, said Patience. Hannah sent her a bunch of sweet fern and some late purple asters, which she had found in a shaded meadow path, the day before.

One day, Stephen Winthrop came to the Garrett home to say that he wished to buy a dozen of the candles, to have in their home when his mother should arrive soon from England. Hannah refused to take any money for these. They were to be *her* gift to “the Governor’s Lady.” She selected the very best from her diminished stock and went with Stephen to see them placed in the brass candlesticks. Then she went again and took some shiny laurel leaves and red berries that were opening with yellow centers—some one called them “bitter-sweet”—and placed these in a pewter bowl

on the mantel-shelf, between the bayberry candles. "They will keep all winter without any water," she told the Governor's maid-servant.

November 11th, 1631, was another "red-letter day" for Boston. Margaret Winthrop arrived on the *Lyon*, with the Governor's elder son, John. Little Ann, three years old, had died on shipboard soon after they left England—another sadness for the Governor to mix with his "cup of rejoicing." The passage had been stormy and the *Lyon* did not make port the evening that it came into view in Boston harbor, so Governor Winthrop was taken out in *The Blessing of the Bay* to greet his family and spend the night aboard the big ship. With Margaret Winthrop came John Eliot, the minister, whose mission was to educate the Indians in Christian religion. Many supplies for the colonists came in this ship. At last, there would be glass enough for other houses besides those of the Governor and his Council. One window in the Garrett house was to exchange its oiled paper for glass. Here were cables and pitch for building, sheep and goats and cows, vegetables from English gardens, including chard, onions and cabbage, and "a conserve of red roses, alum, and aloes" for perfume and use on the "complexions." Oiled skins for wet weather, with "worsted rib-

bing," would add to their comfort. There was a supply of oil for lamps—"a rival for your candles, Hannah"—Richard teased her, as he helped to unload the casks.

Not alone Boston, and its immediate neighbors in Dorchester, Charlestown, and Watertown, took part in the celebration, which installed Mistress Winthrop in the Governor's house, but guests came from Salem and Ipswich, and from Plymouth as well. Mistress Endicott looked like a true bride in her silken gown and lace mitts. Governor Bradford and Governor Endicott and their deputies brought venison and poultry, and rich measures of grain and vegetables. Mistress Winthrop was at a loss to find cooks for so many kinds of meat and fowl. She had brought with her two loyal maids—one, named Ann, was a veteran in service—but in the new settlement there would not be room or food for the nine servants that had cared for the family in the old home in Suffolk. Mistress Dudley was consulted, and advised calling in Mistress Garrett. "She was an expert sempstress and spinner in the home of the Countess of Lincoln," she said, "and she knows well how to order a household and to cook, both plain fare and delicacies. Her son, Richard, is well favored by the Governor and my husband,"

she added, "a handy, quick-witted lad, and her daughter, Hannah, moulded those bayberry candles that you see on your mantel."

"I had already admired those green candles, and I wondered *where* they came from. We use a berry, similar to what I am told this *is*, called bayberry, in England, but only for salves. Where did she learn to make these candles? How old is the girl?" asked Mistress Winthrop.

Her caller told her briefly about the tragic adventure of Hannah and her father, nearly a year before, and the kindness of the Nauset Indians, as well as the Plymouth families to Hannah and Henry Harwood. "It was while she was in Plymouth that she learned to make the candles—for the bayberry grows plentifully there and the women have learned its varied uses. She may be more forward than most girls of her age, about thirteen, but she has had unusual responsibilities thrust upon her. She is inclined to speak more freely than our English maidens, when their elders are about. However, her mother restrains her and keeps her well-trained in her Catechism and Psalms."

"I must send for this mother and daughter this very day. I know they will be of help to me and, perhaps, I may be of some service to them."

It was a blessed solution of the loneliness of Mistress Garrett to have friendly comradeship with the women in the Governor's household, from mistress to the faithful Ann. She had needed both work and sympathy. Her brother, who had arrived from England and joined the Charlestown colony, gave her occasional supplies but it was not until his death, four years later, that she and her children received a legacy of twenty pounds. Mistress Harwood would look after Faith in the day-time, for the little girl was devoted to the baby, John. Hannah had not fulfilled the prophecy of John Howland and hung out a sign, "Candle-Moulder to the Queen," but she kept the pewter candlesticks filled with her bayberry products. She was allowed to sort out the fine linen sheets and "pillow-beeres," and even help to polish the "great silver tankard" and "Adam Winthrop pot," when the Governor's Lady entertained royally.

Sagamore John came with gifts of skins for Mistress Winthrop, and Yawata brought two braided mats. The presence of Yawata encouraged Hannah to speak to Mistress Winthrop about *her* interest in the Indian maiden among the Nausets, Winniyata. The Governor's Lady was responsive to the story which the girl told. She promised to speak to the Governor about this

matter, when opportunity should come. "I do not know about transferring Indian squaws from one tribe to another," she said, "but Sagamore John *would* know, and one of the Indian youths who is living with John Eliot, to teach the minister some Indian words, could interpret for us both. Mistress Endicott told me, when she came for our celebration, that Indian women made excellent cooks and nurses for little children. Perhaps Winniyata could find service in my household."

The next Sabbath several of the Indians came to the colony and were invited to the meeting-house where John Eliot was to preach and share the service with John Wilson. With some laughter and "Ughs!" they joined the procession which followed Richard Garrett, still the drummer, across the training-green to the mud-walled meeting-house. Behind the Governor and his Lady walked Deputy Thomas Dudley and his wife; their son, Samuel, who had married Mary Winthrop, was also in the line.

The Indians were seated in the rear of the meeting-house, Sagamore John and Sagamore James and their sannups sitting on the front benches, in the space allotted to them. Two squaws sat on the opposite side, with the boys and girls of the Boston families. They were all very quiet and

attentive until John Wilson's long prayer. During that, some of the Indian men, on the back row of benches, stole out softly and foraged for food. They found what they liked in the houses, taking a meat-pie, a roasted wild turkey, and some seed-cakes. The thieves lingered on the outskirts of the settlement. Sagamore John expressed much regret at what had occurred and offered to bring meal and beans as restitution to the families where the food had been stolen. He and Sagamore James were, doubtless, innocent—yet powerless to find and punish the thieves, for they did not belong to their tribe. Hannah was sure that one of the Indians, who had gone into the meeting-house with the last group—and thus had gone out and stolen the food—was the same one who had gloated over finding Richard's knife, a few weeks before.

John Eliot spoke to each Indian, using *his* own language but giving each a hearty hand-shake and smile, so that every one knew that this new minister was interested in these friends of the white men. Through the interpreter, (an Indian whose father had been carried to England, served under Sir Walter Raleigh and had taught his children many English words on his return) John Eliot tried to tell the red men about the God of the Christian, and to thank them for their kindness to

the Boston settlers. He told them that, as soon as he learned some Indian words, he wanted to teach them to read and write English.

Nightfall was near; people walking from the meeting-house to their homes reported to the Governor that several of the surly-looking Indians were still prowling about the settlement. By order of the deputy, and with the consent of Sagamore James, orders were given to Samuel Dudley and Richard Garrett to take their loaded muskets (and a few more men) and chase these marauders down to the harbor, where they had left their canoes. The action was prompt and effective. In a few minutes, after the discharge of two muskets into the air, as signals of their readiness to fire upon any enemies, the Indians were seen running down the hill and embarking in their canoes.

“I like not these prowling Indians and the tendency to lawlessness among some of the white servants of Sir Richard Saltonstall and Matthew Craddock,” Governor Winthrop said to William Pynchon. “It might be well to use our shallop, *The Blessing of the Bay*, to bring a larger supply of firearms from Salem and Braintree, if they can spare us some from their supply. I will speak to Richard Garrett about this to-morrow, for he has become an expert pilot of our little barque.”

CHAPTER XII

MAKING PLANS FOR WINNIYATA

MARGARET WINTHROP did not forget her promise to Hannah that she would speak to the Governor about Sagamore John's niece, and the possibility of her coming to Boston, but the plan was long delayed. Once when John Eliot was calling at the Governor's house, Sagamore John came with a gift of a stone water-jar for Mistress Winthrop. This reminded her of Hannah's hopes and she told the minister, in the presence of the sachem, about Winniyata. The Sagamore listened, with grave face and some slight grasp of her meaning, then he said, in low tones, "Winniyata, Mat-tapshyoteg," and pointed towards the fire on the hearth.

"What does he mean by *that*? Have you any idea?" Margaret Winthrop asked John Eliot.

"Yes," he slowly answered, as Sagamore John repeated the phrase and gesture. "He means 'Sit by the fire'—I recall that is among the few Indian phrases that I have often heard."

"Then he would say, 'Winniyata will sit by his

fire,' or come to his camp?" Sagamore John understood and nodded his head slowly, then repeated the words and signs.

Later, Hannah was told of this conversation and Mistress Winthrop promised, that as soon as spring should come, the Governor would see if the plan could be worked out and Winniyata brought to Boston. "I am told that Indian women can sing musical lullabies," Margaret Winthrop said, with a wistful look at the empty cradle, beside the spinning-wheel.

"I can vouch for that," was Hannah's quick reply. "Winniyata has a beautiful voice; she sang me to sleep, with a lovely song, the night I was in camp and so worried about my father. I didn't know the meaning of the words but the sound was musical. If Winniyata could come to Boston, it would be the *happiest* day of my life," she added, with an impulse of hope and affection.

The winter of 1631-32 was severe, cold, and windy, with weekly snow-storms. The children found delight in coasting on improvised sleds, and using two pairs of snowshoes that the Indians had brought into the settlement. They had bartered these for dried apples and pumpkins, with two hatchets "thrown in for good measure." Richard and Stephen Winthrop were expert on these snow-

shoes, on moonlit evenings. Once Richard yielded to Hannah's pleadings and took her out for a "try." Once was *enough*, both for her and for Richard. She sprained her ankle and tore her skirt when she had a bad fall. "Proof that this is a sport for *boys*—not for *girls*," said Richard.

During the intervals of thaw, more wood was cut for the fireplaces; the houses were more winter-proof than in the previous year yet they were not perfect shelters against the cold New England storms. There was plenty of food, although not much variety. The children were seldom hungry, and they kept fairly warm by exercise and knitted hoods and mufflers. They built snow-houses and once a large snow-man stood for several days, gazing with stone eyes upward towards Trimontaine. One day, there was an icy crust which shone like glass. Some of the boys and girls were enticed to bring out rush mats and pewter platters from the log houses for sleds. Much to the disgust of their mothers, the articles were returned with dents and broken rushes. Hannah was among the "culprits"; her mother was at the Governor's house that day, directing the quilting of a new "comforter," so *she* had ventured to take the household treasures without permission. Her punishment had been to stay indoors all the next

day—one of glorious sunshine—and “keep a fast,” studying her Catechism and learning two psalms.

There were a few fires for passing excitement. One man was carrying some coals from his fireplace to that of a sick neighbor. In some way the coal slipped from the shovel and set fire to dry rushes. In a few minutes, the neighbor’s house was consumed by the flames. Mr. Maverick of Dorchester had a peculiar accident. He was drying a little powder in a firepan; it became inflamed in some way, and caused a small keg of powder to explode, singeing the minister’s clothes and spoiling the thatch of the new meeting-house.

Hannah found a new interest in a chipmunk that became very friendly with her. She first saw him one day, looking scared yet trying to find some kernel of corn or nut that he had hidden under the snow, in the garden beside the Garrett home. He looked very thin. Hannah watched him a few minutes, without making a sound, from the window of the cabin. Poor little thing! The snow was packed down into a solid mass and he could not make any impression on it. She would *help* him by taking the fire-shovel and cutting away some of the ice. The moment that she opened the door—although she did so very carefully—the little fellow scampered away in alarm.

Hannah was wise enough to know that he would probably come back another day for his hidden nuts, so she kept at her task until she had broken up much of the frozen snow. Then she dropped *two* nuts in the hole she had made. The very next day, as she was polishing the pewter bowls by the window, Master Chipmunk returned, looking very cautiously all about lest he might be seen and caught. With a quick motion, he picked up the larger nut in his mouth and hurried away to the woods, behind the settlement. Now Hannah went out to the hole she had made and placed another nut there, with the smaller one that the little fellow had left behind. Hardly had she shut the door to the house, before he was back again for the *other* nut. Hannah was wondering if he would notice that there were still *two* nuts there, although he had taken one away. It was evident that the chipmunk was puzzled at first; he looked into the hole, then he put his head on one side and looked and listened, as if inquiring *how* this miracle had happened. However, he was ready to accept the miracle without any discussion, so he managed to get the *two* nuts in his mouth, and scampered away with rapid leaps. For weeks this little friend came to Hannah's frozen garden for his supplies, and she was warned that she must be frugal and

give him only a nut a day. Soon he became so tame that he would come when she called him, as she sat on the door-stone, and eat from her hand. One day he hopped on her shoulder and sprang from there to the branches of the pine-tree beside the door, making a funny sound which Hannah declared was "*just like a laugh.*"

Late in January Richard and Hannah went with Governor Winthrop and a small company up the Charles River, eight miles above Watertown, where they gave names to some brooks and rocks. *Beaver Brook* was where the beavers had made their homes; a high rock was named *Adam Rock*, in honor of young Adam Winthrop, and another rock was called *Mount Feake*, for Robert Feake who had married the widow of Henry Winthrop, drowned in Salem harbor.

"At last we are going to have a real fort!" Richard made the announcement with pride and exultation, one day in the early spring.

"Where will it be built?" his mother asked.

"On one of the peaks of Trimontaine; men will come from Charlestown, Roxbury and Dorchester to help the men of Boston to build this fortification which will be great protection to *all* the settlements near us. The Governor said he might

go to Plymouth, as soon as the weather is more settled, to consult with Captain Miles Standish about the plans."

"Oh, Richard! Perhaps *you* can go with him?" exclaimed Hannah. "Then you would have a chance to really *know* your hero, Captain Standish."

"More likely I shall have to stay here and take my turn at watching."

"Is there some new danger that threatens the colony?" his mother spoke in a low tone.

With similar efforts to keep the words from the ears of little Faith (who was easily frightened and not well this winter) Richard explained: "William Pynchon told Thomas Dudley that some of the Terrentine Indians were prowling about again, as they did last autumn. They were seen trying to talk to James Woodward."

"Isn't he the servant of Sir Richard Saltonstall, who has been whipped for disobedience?" his mother inquired.

"Yes, he has been whipped soundly twice, but he seems defiant and willing to plot with any Indian enemy or other traitor to the white settlers.

"Word has come from Salem," Richard continued, "that some of the Terrentines had attacked friendly Indians there, coming in thirty canoes and

carrying off, into captivity, one of the wives of the tribe."

"Is that the Indian camp of Masconomo who came to greet us on the *Arbella*?"

"Yes, he is the sachem of the Cape Ann Indians and a friend to the white settlers along the Kennebeck, at Agawam and at Salem. At least, he and his sannups always *seem* friendly but one never can tell just what a red man may do, if he is deceived into thinking that the English are unjust to him," said Richard, with that lingering distrust of the Indian nature that he found so difficult to dislodge from his mind.

Hannah did not sleep soundly that night. She wished *all* Indians would be as kindly as the Nausets had been to her, or as friendly as were Sagamore John and Yawata. She would feel *safer* if Richard stayed at home, should there be any danger of being "carried off into captivity." What fearful words those were! She hoped the Indians would be kind to that squaw from Agawam.

Slowly but surely the plans were developed for the trip to Plymouth. They would get advice from Captain Miles Standish. At the same time, they would make efforts to bring to Boston two or three English-speaking Indians to help John

Eliot, and the maiden, Winniyata, if the Nausets were agreed. Henry Harwood told John Eliot about Weetamo, the Nauset Indian who had been captured by Hunt and returned, and who had been kind to him at Eastham. Harwood would go with the expedition. This would give him opportunity to stop at Plymouth and see Dr. Fuller—to give him some money for his services to him.

“Why don’t you send young Richard Garrett? He is such a useful lad, with a cool head and strong muscle to help the seamen, if need be,” Margaret Winthrop asked her husband, as they talked of the adventurous trip. “He has worked hard here without any change, and I heard him telling our Stephen that one of his great ambitions was to go to Plymouth and see Miles Standish.”

“He *would* be helpful on the shallop which we are using—that owned by Matthew Craddock but loaned to the colony—but he is *more* needed here, while we are away. He is young yet, but I place great confidence in his courage and good judgment. I shall feel safer, goodwife, while I am away with some of my Council, and while Sagamore John is not here to control *his* Indians, if young men like Samuel Dudley and Richard Garrett are among *your* guardians.”

Hannah had worked hard during the winter to

accomplish two personal tasks. One was a note of thanks to Nathaniel Morton for the copy-book which Dr. Fuller had brought to her many months before; the other was to knit a red cap, as near as possible like that which she had brought to Richard. She had rewritten the few words many times but they looked crude and stiff. She thought, however, that her signature, "H. Garrett," was quite neat.

She decided that she must ask Richard to give this note and cap, to be delivered by Governor Winthrop or Thomas Dudley to the Plymouth youth. She was sure he would tease her—but how could she send them otherwise? Her fear was fulfilled, when she explained her commission:

"Who is Nathaniel Morton?" he asked, somewhat roughly. "How do you know that you have the *right size* for the red cap?"

"He is about your size, Richard, and I have made it like yours." She spoke with unwonted shyness for Hannah.

"Mine did not come from a *girl*, I hope; besides heads vary in sizes and contents. I'll take the note and cap and ask the Governor to present them, with the compliments of my silly sister."

Hannah was almost in tears and ready to throw both note and cap into the fire, when her mother

came to her rescue. "Never mind, daughter. You know that Richard is a sad tease. Perchance, it would be more maidenly if you were to send the note and cap, in a packet, addressed to Mistress Bradford; then *she* could give them to her nephew, Nathaniel."

It was a happy suggestion. Hannah broke the wax seals that she had managed with difficulty, from the last flicker of a wax candle at Mistress Winthrop's house. Then she would borrow the inkhorn and quill from Mistress Bradstreet again and write the yet more difficult words: "Mistress Alice Bradford—to be delivered to Nathaniel Morton." She must take pains to do this well, for it might be shown to Mistress Hicks and Hannah hoped the teacher would be proud of her pupil. She must keep in practice, so that her fingers would not feel so stiff.

It was a bright, clear day when the shallop put off from the dock. Governor Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, and Increase Nowell were all in their best cloaks and beaver hats. Sagamore John and his sannups wore leather suits and leggings, with bright decorations of paint.

"Our Indians were in high feather," laughed William Pynchon. "Did you note the two

quills worn by one of the sannups? That means he has scalped an enemy."

"God grant there may be no scalping nor fighting, as a result of this mission," said John Eliot.

"Sagamore John is wise as well as friendly and I do not anticipate any trouble," concluded Simon Bradstreet, as the three men walked from the dock towards the highway.

Governor Bradford was moving to his new home (on the Jones River at North Plymouth) with its sloping roof, large reception-hall, and kitchen. He greeted Governor Winthrop and his companions with hearty cheer, and insisted that all should join him at dinner, even if their lodgings at night might be more scattered. Elder Brewster and Stephen Hopkins, with Dr. Fuller, offered hospitality. The dinner was a veritable feast—with wild fowl and savory stuffing, brown bread steaming from the pot in which it had been cooked, succotash of scraps of meat with corn and beans, and a delicious cake that the hostess called a "manchet." That tall lad who came in late, to join the younger people of the Bradford family at a smaller table in the spacious kitchen, must be Nathaniel Morton for whom the Governor had a package, sent by proxy to Mistress Bradford. Governor Winthrop thought he was a "likely-looking lad."

Mistress Fuller was anxious to know what success Hannah had won with her bayberry candles. She was glad that Mistress Winthrop approved of Plymouth products. "I have some excellent salve that I have made from our herbs, with melted bayberry wax to color it and give it fragrance. I will send some of it by you to Mistress Winthrop. Tell her it is of value for burns or scratches, which the children are often bringing upon themselves by their mischief; it is fine, also, for chapped hands in the winter."

While Governor Winthrop and his aids were consulting with Miles Standish about the fort, spending much time in his "study" in the old fortress, with a port-hole which looked out over the harbor, the shallop had sailed on with Sagamore John, his sannups and Henry Harwood towards the encampment of the Nausets. Three days passed and no sign of their return. "If they do not hove in sight by to-morrow, we had better arrange with Captain Standish for a posse of men," said John Howland, "to go in one of our shallops, for they *may* need assistance."

"There comes the shallop now. I am sure it is the one we are watching for," exclaimed Elizabeth Howland the next morning. She and her two little girls, Hope and Desire, were walking towards

Manomet, in search of the first Mayflowers. They had listened to the notes of Bob Whites and robins in the meadows. The little girls loved to imitate the musical call of *Bob White*. Around the rocky highland appeared the boat.

It was sailing swiftly in the favoring breeze and making for Plymouth harbor. Several people had gathered on Leyden Street to await its arrival. Hobomok was there, standing close beside Miles Standish, eager to see the Sagamore from near Boston, and his sannups. In the stern of the boat were two Indian women, "wrapped" in silence as well as shawls.

"There will be many hours yet before nightfall, and the wind is fresh. It will be best to board the shallop and turn her course towards Boston without delay," urged Governor Winthrop.

There was to be another passenger on the return—for Captain Miles Standish had become so interested in the plans for the new fort on Corn Hill that he decided to go to Boston for a few days. He could return with John Winslow who was coming thither, with some merchandise for the colonists.

Gradually, from Henry Harwood and the seamen, they learned the story of what had happened among the Nausets. Sagamore John had urged one of his sannups to take the two feathers out of

his head-dress (for they indicated that he had scalped an enemy and came not wholly in a friendly mood), but he was obstinate and refused to do so.

As Sagamore John feared, the immediate effect of this sight on the Nausets was one of resentment. Some of the Indians seemed glad to see Sagamore John, showing it in their silent, dogged way. Weetamo smiled when he saw Henry Harwood. But the younger men looked with suspicion on the sannups and said "Ugh!" in ugly tones. Then one of their number went into his wigwam and came out with two feathers in *his* hair, and an expression of challenge on his face.

"I think he was the young warrior of whom Hannah told us, whose victory over his enemy had been celebrated the same night that she and I arrived at their camp last year," Henry Harwood said.

"Sagamore John and Weetamo talked about taking Winniyata away with them to Boston," the narrator continued his story; "then they talked with the older Indians gathered in a circle around the camp-fire. The young men listened and some of them shook their heads, as if in anger. The young warrior of the Nausets seemed to lead the opposition, if one might judge by his gestures in

the direction of Winniyata. When dusk fell, they became more excited, as they gathered about the fire. A dispute arose between the two Indians with the two feathers—one from Boston and the other at Nauset. At times they shook their heads and spoke in loud, violent voices."

"What did Sagamore John do? Couldn't he settle it?" asked Dudley.

"He and Weetamo talked to the older men but they only shook their heads and pointed to the younger warriors. When the women joined the circle, the Nauset youth tried to take the hand of Winniyata and lead her into the circle but she held back and moved towards Sagamore John, as if for protection."

"How did they settle the matter?" Governor Winthrop asked.

"That first night it was left undecided and all was quiet. The next day one of the older Indians suggested that the matter should be settled by a game of dice."

"You mean they actually *gambled on the girl?*"

"Yes, Indians will gamble everything away—their clothes, possessions, and their wigwams, even the next year's harvest in their fields."

"It was a better method, perhaps, than to have a combat and see which of the youths, with the

feathers, could scalp the other," Dudley said, with a laugh.

"That may be true—or not. If they had *fought*, there would have been one less quarrelsome Indian for the whites to cope with,"—such was the suggestion of Miles Standish, who had been listening with keen interest to the story. "Although, I admit, there are many friendly Indians," he added.

"So they brought out their dice in a rush basket and tossed them, with loud talking, and intervals of silence. At first, the chances seemed to be in favor of the Nausets; then the warrior's fortune turned and the last three out of four throws came in favor of Sagamore John's sannup."

"Did the Nausets accept the decision without further trouble?"

"Yes, all Indians accept their fate, whatever it may be, without any whining. White men might well learn a lesson from them in this way. When it was decided that Winniyata was to go away, an older squaw led her to her wigwam without any sign of farewell. Then two Indians took sticks which they call 'calumets'—perforated sticks like the stems of pipes, one painted blue and the other green, with symbolic decorations of quills and plumage of birds. These they gave to Sagamore

John, first; then he passed them to the two warriors who had gambled, and they held them, as the rest of the Indians sang a weird chant, rising slowly from the ground and walking in a circle. That was the sign of peace after conflict."

"Was there a farewell feast for Sagamore John and Winniyata?" Dudley inquired.

"Nothing of the sort. Word was sent to us by Weetamo that, as soon as it was dark, we should go to the shallop and wait there quietly until dawn—and then depart."

"Perhaps they were afraid that the Nausets would repent of their peace and try to keep the woman with them, after all," suggested Increase Nowell.

"No," Miles Standish explained. "It is the Indian custom to move stealthily, without any signs of departure beforehand. They have learned to be wily and secretive in their movements—and it never takes them long to 'pack up.' "

CHAPTER XIII

HOW A PLOT WAS FRAMED AND FOILED

MEANTIME, during the four days when the shallop was on its mission to Plymouth and the Nausets, *much* was happening in Boston. The shallop sailed on a Thursday. In keeping with the custom of the colony, that was "sermon night" at the meeting-house. John Eliot was to lead the prayers and preach the sermon. The hour was in the late afternoon, that the service might be over at nightfall. Richard was at hand to call the people by his drum-beats but he sat down near the entrance. Hannah thought he *should* sit near the front benches, with Samuel Dudley and his young wife, and Stephen Winthrop. If not, he should sit with her, for she had come alone to this service, as her mother was kept at home, caring for Faith who had a bad cold and fever. Richard, however, had shaken his head, when she beckoned him to join her, and he had asked Mistress Harwood to sit beside Hannah.

John Eliot took this occasion to tell the settlers how kind God had been to them, to instill into the

hearts of the red men such impulses of helpfulness. He reminded them that when the white men came, it was the Indian who had taught him how best to plant corn, and had shown the housewives how to pound the corn and cook it "in savory ways." Hannah thought she liked better her mother's mixtures and broths than those of the Indians, although she *did* like Yawata's bread, made with rye and corn meal.

Then John Eliot told of the kindness shown to the white settlers during the first severe winter in Boston. "The wolf was at the door," he said. "Now that was strange," Hannah thought, "for she only *heard* the wolves howling in the distance"—but the minister was explaining, "So sore was our need that we were like children, about to be consumed by the wolf of hunger. Then came Indians, especially Sagamore John and Chickatabot, and brought some measures of meal—all they could spare, for the harvest had not been great."

As the good preacher was expanding this theme of friendship on the part of the Indians, Richard heard a slight noise outside the door and he stealthily stepped out to investigate. No one was in sight and the green slope seemed full of peaceful beauty, in the fading colors of the sunset. He was about to return to his seat of vigilance, inside the

meeting-house, when he heard again what sounded like a hoarse whisper. Moving quickly around the side of the meeting-house towards the harbor, he saw two white men and an Indian standing, almost hidden behind a tree, and talking in low, hushed tones. They looked up and saw Richard; before he could reach them, or call any one inside the meeting-house, they had scattered in different directions. The Indian was, evidently, running to a canoe that Richard had seen on the shore, close to the dock, on that forenoon after the shallop had sailed.

He had caught only a glimpse of the two white men, but he was sure one of them was a man named White from Watertown who had been convicted, a short time before, of selling a musket, with powder and shot, to one of the sannups of Sagamore James. He had been publicly whipped and branded on the cheek—Richard was sure he saw that mark on the face of the white man, who was whispering in the loudest tone.

Should he tell Samuel Dudley, or better, Simon Bradstreet, what he had seen? His first impulse was to do so. Then he feared such a word might cause a panic of fear, especially if the women should hear of it—and both those men were married and would likely tell their wives—he thought,

with some superiority, because he could keep his *own* secret from women. It was more than possible that the Indian and the two whites were bartering, and had spoken in whispers because they knew a service was in the meeting-house. Why did they come there to barter at that time, then? Possibly, they had appointed the place and hour without recalling what would be taking place near them. They were going away when they saw Richard; they might have thought he objected to their voices, low as they were, near the meeting-house, and so they had finished their "business" quickly and separated. He would try *not to be too suspicious*, as Hannah said he was prone to be. Just the same, he would keep a close watch and report to Simon Bradstreet any *second* cause for suspicion, while the Governor and his deputy were away.

The next day Richard did not go out to Governor Winthrop's farm as he had planned to do. He decided that it would be well to stay near the shore, in case any more Indians should appear in canoes. If there were enemies among them, they would be likely to choose this time, while Sagamore John and his sannups were away, to bring terror to the white people. He would help the bricklayers, who were building two new houses of brick, with

stone chimneys, on Spring Lane, not far from Governor Winthrop's house. From this place he could overlook the harbor and be near in case of any disturbance.

As Faith was still feverish and choked with a croupy cough, her mother did not like to leave her, so she sent Hannah the next day to the Governor's house to assist Ann, the trusty servant, in polishing the brasses and selecting linen for use when the Governor should return and, possibly, bring some Plymouth leader with him, as he had told his wife he might do. Yawata had come with a girdle of soft skin, which she had embroidered with beads, for the Governor's wife. She was urged to stay and help with the cooking, for she could make excellent corn-meal bread and a "savory dish which was called Indian pudding." Hannah became so interested in watching the cooking, and filling the pewter bowls with fresh flowers, that she did not realize that it was almost dark when she was ready to go home. Yawata was starting at the same time. As Mistress Winthrop came to the door to say Good-night to her two helpers, she realized that dusk was falling and that Hannah's mother might be uneasy if she were out alone at that hour, so she pointed to Hannah, then towards the home of Mistress Garrett, then to Yawata and said

slowly, "Yawata, go home with Hannah?" The squaw understood almost immediately and bowed her head. She took the hand of the young girl as they walked away.

They were good comrades, although they seldom spoke, for Hannah knew only a few Indian phrases and Yawata was equally limited in her English. Hannah skipped along in gay spirits, holding the hand of the Indian woman; the latter was humming softly an Indian lullaby. Mistress Winthrop had given Hannah a package for her mother, containing some fine threads and a piece of lace to be made into a baby's cap. "Tell her there is no hurry about this lace-cap making but she may like to work on it during the long summer evenings."

Where was that package? Mistress Winthrop had put it in a small basket with a few sprays of pink laurel for Faith. Hannah dropped the hand of Yawata and looked about her. She must have forgotten it, for she could not have dropped it. No, she did *not* have it when she took Yawata's hand. It must be on the settle in the hall, where she laid down the basket as she put on her hood and tied the strings. She tried to explain to the Indian woman, but few of her words were understood until she said, "I will run back and get it; you wait here; I will come back."

“Wait” and “come back” were words in the vocabulary of Yawata. She could see Hannah as she ran swiftly back towards the Governor’s house. The dark was coming fast but it was not yet upon them. She could watch the child if she sat down on a boulder beside the highway. She was tired after her busy day and she had a long tramp back to her own encampment, after she should leave Hannah at home.

Her moccasins made no sound as she moved to the big stone and took her seat. It was so quiet and restful there! Then she heard a low “Ugh!” and strained her ears to listen for other sounds. Who was there? In the silence she hardly breathed—but she *listened*. Behind that boulder were hidden some men, probably only two or three, and they were talking so excitedly that they had not known of her approach. One must be an Indian—but not of her tribe, for she knew the voices of all in the encampment of Sagamore John. He might be one of the Terrentines. Then she heard him tell the other men—were they Indians or white?—of the plan for the next night, to come in canoes, attack the white settlers and burn some of the houses. It was the chance they had waited for—and so had some of the angry white servants. The Governor was away, and Sagamore John was away

also, so they could attack and steal what they pleased, for the white men had promised them more muskets and powder. They would wait until all had gone to bed in the settlement, then they would rush upon them and, perhaps, carry away one or two into captivity, for the big ransom they would receive.

With a quick instinct of danger for the white people, who had proved to be her friends, and a sense of responsibility in the absence of Sagamore John, Yawata made a wise decision. As softly as she had come, she slid down from the boulder, and hurried across the soft grass to meet Hannah. They would take *another* path to the Garrett home, where plotters would not see or hear them. She must tell her secrets to some one—to some *man*. How could she reach Thomas Dudley and Simon Bradstreet in New-Town, as night was falling? If Richard Garrett were at home, perhaps she might tell *him* and he would report to the men. She must not frighten Mistress Winthrop or any other women or children.

Hannah was a little surprised to be led a longer way to her home but she was always glad of a walk with Yawata—and in the evening air. She was more surprised, when they reached her home, to have Yawata come in the doorway, for she usually

hurried back to the Indian encampment at night-fall. What was Yawata saying? "Brother home?" Of course, she must mean Richard and he *was* at home, sitting by the fireplace, studying a chart that he had drawn of the three hills, with a grist mill designed on one, a fort on another, and a belfry tower on the third. Yawata seldom paid any attention to Richard and he did not generally speak to the squaw, although Hannah had heard her mother urge him to say *Good-day* to her on one occasion. Now, however, he was going out of the door with Yawata, and she was curious to know *why?* The Indian woman had beckoned to Richard to join her, as she left the cabin.

Well, whatever might be secrets between them, she had her *own* interests. She must give her mother the package, that she had almost forgotten, with Mistress Winthrop's message. She must put the laurel in the brass bowl by the fireplace, for Faith to enjoy. She became so interested in telling Faith about the cooking that had been done at the Governor's house, and in playing with the new Tabby that Richard had brought to Faith from the *Ten Hills* farm, that she did not notice her brother's hasty word in farewell to his mother. As he took down his musket, and slung his powder-horn around his shoulder, he said, in a low tone,

"I may not be back, Mother, until morning. I may be needed as an extra watch. But don't be frightened. Everything will be all right *to-night*."

To himself, Richard acknowledged cause for anxiety. If the Indians and the white traitors were to make a bargain, while the Governor and his deputies were away, tragic results might overtake the settlement. He *must* get word to Simon Bradstreet and Samuel Dudley! They were staying at Thomas Dudley's house in New-Town and it was a long way, even after one crossed the river at the ford. He would venture to take one of the Governor's small boats that were drifting beside *The Blessing of the Bay*, and row to the nearest point on the New-Town side. He stopped at the open green, below the meeting-house, where six men were on watch and told them to keep a sharp outlook for any chance prowlers. He said he would join them later and bring Samuel Dudley with him, to relieve two of the watchers. Then he disappeared in the darkness.

"A good lad and ever industrious!" said one of the watch to his companion, as Richard left them. "Yet he is over-forward for one so young. It would seem to-night as if he felt he must even tell *us* to do our duty, and give directions, as if he were Governor Winthrop himself."

“He has had much responsibility thrust upon him since his father’s death a year ago. Governor Winthrop and Thomas Dudley rate him highly—perhaps too much so for his good. Did you hear Thomas Dudley say, jokingly, to young Richard, as the shallop sailed away, “Take good care of the settlement, Richard, as would your great hero, Miles Standish”?

It seemed a long walk alone in the dark from the shore to Thomas Dudley’s house but Richard had gained a long, steady stride and he arrived just as the last candles were being extinguished in the deputy’s house. Without much noise he gained the attention of Samuel Dudley, by throwing up some grains of sand and calling his name in a low voice. They walked away from the house, lest their voices might be heard by Mistress Dudley or some other woman. Richard narrated to Samuel the tale that Yawata, in her broken English, had tried to tell him. She had repeated the words—“bad Indians—kill—bad white—to-morrow.”

“Now, what do you think she meant by ‘bad white’?” Samuel Dudley asked.

Then Richard told him of the experiences of the previous night, after Thursday’s sermon. He recalled for him the strange noises and whispers that

he had heard, and his unwillingness to alarm any one needlessly, since the Indian and white men *might* be only bartering, not plotting. "They seemed fearful lest some one might see them, however, and hurried away in separate directions. I am sure that one of the white men had a brand on his cheek. He was probably that Hopkins of Watertown who has sold firearms to the Indians at Sagamore James' camp."

Samuel Dudley agreed that such was "a likely surmise;" and he said: "Nor is it unlikely that the other white man may have been that lawless James Woodward, who seems to be made more lawless and ugly by each whipping that is given him. He has been in the stocks, but even that has no effect on his defiance to law and traitorous plots. He should be sent back to England *in chains*."

Richard was glad when Samuel Dudley said, "I shall not tell my wife or mother—or Anne Bradstreet about this danger. In truth, it may be well not to alarm Simon Bradstreet until the morning. I will get my horse and we can ride to your boat and tether the horse there until to-morrow when I return. We can both ride on the bay mare that Governor Endicott gave to my father when we came from Salem. When we get to Boston, we can get permission from John Wilson or William

Pynchon to take one of the Governor's mounts, if need be, to send messages of warning to the near-by and more distant settlements."

When he was called into consultation, the next morning, Simon Bradstreet advised that an extra training-day should be proclaimed for that very afternoon, and that word should be sent for recruits from Watertown and Roxbury, as well as Charlestown. Such a sight, he declared, would impress the Indians with the sturdy men who would defend the settlements—and might delay, if not prevent, the plots by the white traitors. Samuel was to ride to the farthest settlements with the message and Richard was to notify and summon those nearer Boston.

They had sent the men on watch to their homes for sleep, and were keeping guard, with the mare tethered at a tree close by. It was nearly dawn before the men heard any sounds. Then came stealthy footsteps, seemingly near the meeting-house. It had been agreed that, if any marauder should appear, white or red man, they would wait until they were sure *who* they were and, if possible, seize them in the very act of their mischief. Hidden behind two adjacent trees, the watchers listened. Soon they heard a grating sound, as if a heavy door were creaking on its hinges.

“The thieves and rascals must have broken into the storeroom back of the meeting-house and are after the muskets there,” said Samuel Dudley. “Wait a little! Have your musket ready to fire if they threaten us!”

At that instant, the mare that had been ridden by Dudley became weary of her loneliness and “neighed,” in a loud, penetrating sound. Instantly, there were running feet, coming towards Samuel Dudley and Richard.

“Seize your man; if he has a musket, be on your guard!” said Dudley. “There are three of them. Trip them up!”

They were close to the trees where the watchers were hiding. As James Woodward led the way, Richard rushed out and grabbed the man’s musket, at the same time tripping him, so he fell on the ground. Samuel Dudley had grabbed the musket of the second, who proved to be John Fox, a malcontent servant who had been punished for blasphemy and contempt of the Court. He held his man with a firm grip, as Richard was trying to tie the hands and feet of James Woodward with a piece of heavy hemp, which he had put in his pocket for just such an emergency. His prisoner struggled and kicked the lad; he tried to bite his fingers but Richard had muscles of iron which

matched his will. Bereft of their muskets—which had been kicked away where they could not reach them—and deserted by their third ally, Hopkins, these older servants could not escape from their younger captors.

Yes, they could *hold* the two older men, as long as they could keep them on the ground, but *where* would they take them? Could they handle them alone? Already John Fox was sliding along the ground, swearing at Richard and making frantic efforts to rise; probably he would manage in some way to make an escape. In his last, desperate plunge he had hit the musket, belonging to Richard, and it had exploded. The first thought of Richard was one of angry regret at this sound, for he feared it might frighten the women and cause a panic. The second reaction was one of relief that it had happened. The sound of a gun was a signal for immediate investigation—and generally for alarm, especially if it were heard in the night. William Pynchon had risen early that morning, for he planned to go to Salem, for more consultation with the builders and brick-makers there. He heard the musket's report, as he was dressing. Quickly, he roused one of his men servants, who was sleeping in a tent outside the house, and together, with their muskets, they started on a run

in the direction of the meeting-house, where the sound seemed to be located.

Two to one solved the question of holding and imprisoning the two white men, who were plotting with the Indians to bring tragedy upon the colony. "Put them in the strong room where they got the muskets, and lock them in there, until the Governor returns," advised William Pynchon. "If they are bound hand and foot—and Richard seems to have done a good job with his hemp-line—and the door is locked securely with more rope, we can leave them there to *fast* a spell and think upon their future punishment."

"It would be well to appoint a guard or two to stand near the meeting-house, even if these men seem powerless to escape or do more harm," suggested Richard. "There might be some wily Indians lurking about to communicate with them or send word to other Indians. Yawata was sure they intended to attack us *this night*. I can stay here for a spell and keep the guard."

"Go you home and get a little sleep, lad—and ask your mother to mend the rent in your hose which the feet of your captive have torn—and I will leave my faithful servant, Thomas, to keep the watch. Meantime, Samuel had better ride back to New-Town and tell Simon Bradstreet

what has happened. In the absence of the Governor and his deputies, he would have much authority. One of these days he will be Governor himself," William Pynchon prophesied.

"Half the danger is past," Richard said to Simon Bradstreet and Samuel Dudley, as they met for conference in front of the meeting-house, just before the "training-hour." "How shall we foil the Indians in their share of the plot? Not so easy as it was to capture the two prisoners who are fasting yonder"—he pointed to the strong room behind them. "I can hide on the shore, after the training is over, and watch—or rather, *listen*, for the first sounds of any canoes that may be approaching in the darkness."

"I wish we might have captured the third traitor this morning," Samuel Dudley said. "I feel sure it was Hopkins of Watertown, who has sold arms to the Indians and seems to have secret dealings with them. He has a canoe of birch-bark that he has moored sometimes on this shore."

"Probably it was *his* canoe, then, that I saw this morning when I walked, on my way home, towards the shore, to make sure nothing had been done to injure or move *The Blessing of the Bay*. 'Tis the pride of the Governor," Richard added,

“ and he would be grieved should any mischance come to it. If *you* agree”—he turned towards Simon Bradstreet as if asking permission from this influential leader—“ I will station myself close to this canoe at dusk and watch for any communication between Hopkins and hostile Indians, who might come from Agawam.”

“ Excellent counsel, lad,” was the rejoinder. “ You have an old head on your young shoulders.”

Shortly before the men reported for the training-hour, Yawata came with Sagamore James and six of his sannups to the Governor’s house. The men waited outside while the squaw went in and gave to Ann, for her mistress, a braided rug as a gift, with some clusters of blue lupin. Then she joined the men and they went towards the green. As soon as he saw John Eliot approaching with his Indian housemate and interpreter, Sagamore James moved towards them and spoke to the latter in low, earnest tones, often shaking his head.

“ Sagamore James says that the Indians in his encampment are all friendly to the white settlers,” the interpreter reported to John Eliot. “ He says only the Terrentines are hostile—and they are cruel enemies, also, to the Indians on Cape Ann.”

“ We have had suspicions at times that Sagamore James was not so true to us as his brother and

sister have been," John Wilson told John Eliot as they walked towards the Governor's house to call upon his Lady and assure her that all danger for the colony was past. "Sagamore James is more wily by nature; but I do not believe he is mixed up in this new plot, else he would not have come into the settlement to-day. He must have heard of the capture of the white men and the widespread preparations to defend the place against any attack by land or sea, from Indians or rebellious white servants."

CHAPTER XIV

“THE HAPPIEST DAY IN MY LIFE”

IT was an exciting day for the women and children in Boston. The men and boys may have been as much excited, but they showed less evidence of their interest in the “extra training-day” in which many of them were to have their share. Hannah was anxious to see the men in their procession with their muskets—some with swords in their belts—and three drummers, in addition to Richard, to “keep them in step.” Faith was still in bed, so Mistress Garrett could not leave her; she hesitated to allow Hannah to go without an older woman.

“Perhaps Ann will be going from the Governor’s house,” Hannah suggested. “May I go with her?”

Before her mother could answer, Hannah caught sight of Yawata, walking behind a group of Indian men, almost past the Garrett home.

“Yawata is there—all alone—and she will watch the training. Can’t I go with her?” she asked eagerly.

“Yes, the squaw has done many a kindly turn

to you, child, and to us all. I feel it is safe for you to be with her. Be sure to come home as soon as the training is over! I will have a fowl-pie and some loaf, for Richard must be hungry and tired after his long hours of watching. I hope he can sleep *this* night," said his mother, unconscious of the dangers that had threatened them. Richard had been firm in his determination to tell no "secrets" to women, old or young.

Hannah skipped along beside Yawata. The men were gathering; some had helmets. Had Robert Weldon lived, he would have been "captain of one hundred foot" on this day—fully that number had assembled from the settlements. They had come from Watertown in good numbers, from Roxbury and Dorchester, from New-Town and several scattered groups yet nearer to Boston. Samuel Dudley assisted Robert Feake in arranging the ranks and giving directions for the marches, counter-marches and exhibition of arms. Richard beat the drum with more zest than ever before. He interwove, with the usual slow measures, some livelier strains from that march he had learned in the school at old Boston. It seemed to Hannah that he was inches taller and finer-looking than she had ever noticed. When the hour of training was over, and John Wilson made a prayer

and announced a hymn of praise, as the ending of the hour, Hannah could hear Richard's strong voice, which seemed to lead the singing, with more rapid time-beats than was customary at meeting.

"It is a very fine fowl-pie that you have cooked, Mother," said Richard, "and I would like yet another serving but I have a feeling that I must be off again on the watch. Don't fear, Mother, for the danger is over now, I feel sure. It is well, however, to keep vigilant for the night. To-morrow the Governor will be returning from Plymouth and then there will be plenty of time to eat and sleep," he added with a laugh, as he shouldered his musket and hurried out of the door.

"Bless the lad. He is a noble-hearted, brave-spirited *man* already, if I say it as I shouldn't, since he is my boy. How proud his father would be could he see him to-day!"

"Did Richard say the Governor would come to-morrow, Mother?" Hannah asked. "I hope he will come, for then we shall all be more sure of our safety from attack. I have another reason for hoping he will come *to-morrow*."

"What is that?" asked Faith, who was allowed to sit up for a little time, in front of the glowing fire.

"Because—probably Winniyata will come with

him and Sagamore John—and that will be a wonderful celebration for my birthday."

"Your birthday, child? Yes, you are *right*. To-morrow *is* your birthday, and you will be fourteen years old. It doesn't seem possible, for only a short time ago you and Richard were both small children."

"Could I go with you to Mistress Winthrop's to-morrow, to help her serve the 'feast,' if the large shallop comes in with the Governor and his party?"

"Yes, if Faith is as much better to-morrow as she promises to be, she may go to Mistress Harwood's and play with little John for a few hours. Her fever is gone and the goose oil has completely cured her croup. I shall keep a supply on hand for the next winter. It may be of use in the Governor's home and at Mistress Bradstreet's when the children get colds."

"You could sell it, Mother, if you would seal some of the oil in bottles. That is what Mistress Fuller does at Plymouth, and she collects many a shilling in this way from the households that are in need of such ointment. We will have Richard bring in some wild geese from Mistick; then we will have the fowl for a stew or roast and the oil, strained and corked, to rub on throat and chest."

"What a little business-woman my Hannah is getting to be!" laughed Mistress Garrett. "I fear me I have not so much ambition nor so many ideas about money-making as you have. It is my instinct to *give* rather than to *sell* but you are right—we need all the shillings we can get. The money from the sale of your bayberry candles was a great help last winter."

"I shall make yet more next autumn and sell them in more families in Watertown and Roxbury. Perhaps I could send some back to England in some ship, like that of good Captain Pierce, the *Lyon*. They ought to sell well in London, among the rich ladies who like novelties. Then I should be, in truth, 'Hannah Garrett, Candle-Moulder to the Queen,'" and she laughed.

Richard stopped to consult with Simon Bradstreet on his way to the shore. It was arranged that, if he heard any sounds of canoes approaching or other sinister move on the water, he should fire off his musket twice. He noticed that a few of the Indians were lingering near the green, sitting on the ground and playing one of their inevitable games of chance. One of them looked keenly at Richard as he passed by, laughed in a mocking way, and pointed towards the shore. It was not

yet dark—for there was an afterglow that lighted the sky and reflected its “golden windows” upon the few panes of glass in the Governor’s house. Samuel Dudley walked with Richard a part of the way; then he turned back to superintend the watch on the hill above the green where the new Fort was to be built.

What was *that* sound? It was dim, but Richard thought it sounded like the paddle of a canoe. He ran through the last wooded stretch before he should reach the clearing above the shore. Yes, it *was* a canoe, but it was moving *away* rather than towards the shore. Two persons were in it; one was an Indian but the other had on a cape and kept the hood over his head. For a second, Richard feared it might be Sagamore James, disguised in his “English clothes,” who was proving untrue to his pledge of fealty and going out to meet some hostile Indians, to guide them into the harbor.

The next instant, he knew that he had judged Sagamore James and his race unjustly. The mysterious man turned and saw Richard on the shore. Then he raised a musket and fired a shot that echoed loudly, as it struck a rock, not five feet from where Richard was standing. Before he covered his head again, as the canoe sped on its way, Richard recognized him as Hopkins of

Watertown who had escaped them that morning. He had doubtless been in hiding somewhere all day, then had kept his rendezvous with some treacherous Indian who had been hiding, also, and they were now on their way to meet or warn the Terrentines. Yes, the canoe to which Samuel Dudley had referred, was gone from its place on the shore.

At first, Richard was disappointed at the anti-climax to this night of watching for attack by the Indians. Then he gave a sigh of relief at the sequel. No one could predict what tragedy might have resulted had a large number of Indians come, and made successful contacts with those cowardly, yet bold traitors, Fox, Woodward, and Hopkins. Why were the people running down to the beach, led by Robert Feake and Samuel Dudley? Oh, they had heard the shot, doubtless, and thought it was a signal from Richard for help. "If I had come down here right after training, instead of going home and taking time to eat fowl-pie, I might have caught Hopkins when he came for his canoe, before he could get away," he thought in a moment of self-anger. That Hopkins and the Indian might have overpowered him, even killed or captured him, never entered the mind of Richard, the patriotic lad. He did not lack for com-

pany in his vigil *that* night, for a dozen men stayed with him on the shore, taking turns at watching and sleeping. The night turned cold and William Pynchon sent down a tent and two of his servants to pitch it, as a protection for the watchers on the shore. A brisk wind stirred the waves to white caps; the only sound to break the silence of the night was the breaking of the waves and the hooting of an owl in the wood, beyond the settlement.

All the next day, with its clear skies and stiff breeze, Margaret Winthrop watched for her husband's return, hoping that he might arrive in time for the "feast" which had been prepared—that would be, in truth, a "feast of thanksgiving." Richard waited on the hillside above the harbor, armed now, however, with his *drum*, and not his musket. At the first sign of the shallop, he would beat the drum and the people would know that the Governor was arriving, and would hasten down to meet him. Hannah could not stay in the house, so excited was she at the prospect of Winniyata's coming, so she was allowed to go down to the Governor's house and stay with Ann.

At intervals, Mistress Winthrop came into the kitchen to ask if all was in readiness for the dinner,

should the Governor come before nightfall. She smiled kindly at Hannah and asked if her mother were coming later to help her. "This is Hannah's birthday," Ann told her mistress on one of these periodic visits, and Hannah remembered to make a low curtsey when Mistress Winthrop said, "Many happy returns of the day, Hannah." *That* was a gift—to be spoken to so lovingly by Mistress Winthrop—but a greater gift was in store. In a few minutes, the gracious lady returned to the kitchen, bringing a little leather box in her hand which she gave to Hannah, saying, "Here is a gift, Hannah, which belonged to me when I was about your age. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I have done."

So overwhelmed was the girl that she forgot her curtsey this time and failed to find any words—a most unusual occurrence for Hannah Garrett. Within that leather box was a small turquoise brooch, as beautiful and blue as was her blue-bird locket. She turned to Ann with a queer sound that might be either a sob or a laugh. "There! There! child. Let us put the pretty brooch in your kerchief—and see how fine it looks."

"But I forgot to make my curtsey—and I *couldn't* get my breath to say 'Thank you,'" pleaded Hannah.

"Never mind! You can make *two* curtseys the next time. What is that noise?" she asked, with a sudden look of alarm.

"The drum! The drum!" shouted Hannah. "The shallop must be in sight. They are coming in this very afternoon—*on my birthday*. I hope they will fire a salute to Captain Standish!"

Soon the people came from all directions to watch the Governor's arrival. Before the shallop made port—for it took what seemed many hours, to those who were waiting on shore—Sagamore John and Yawata had joined the white settlers, with a few straggling Indians. With Yawata came the son of the Sagamore John, with his lively dog, yelping and jumping about him. Was Winniyata there with Sagamore John? The question was a vital one to both Yawata and Hannah. The young Indian girl was not in sight as the boat came to dock, and disappointment dimmed their pleasure.

"Who is that short man with the Governor, with his helmet and long cape on?" asked Ann, as she and Hannah waited, side by side.

"That *is* Captain Miles Standish—I said it *was*," shouted Stephen Winthrop, as he ran forward. "Mother did not tell me he was coming."

"No more did she tell *me*," Ann said. "But he does not look like a very large eater, and we

have ample for the feast. I am glad that I dusted and aired the guest linen and coverlet."

"There's Winniyata," Hannah said with excitement, as the young squaw came forward shyly, at the request of Sagamore John and waved her hand to Yawata and Hannah. "She is as beautiful as ever. Isn't she beautiful, Ann?"

"Mayhap, if one likes such dark skins," was the English woman's answer. "But I must haste back to the house and start final preparations for the dinner. Here is your mother, Hannah, and she is beckoning to us."

Hannah was allowed to wait with Mistress Bradstreet, Mistress Dudley—the young wife of Samuel—and Patience Dudley to walk in the procession from the dock to the Governor's house. Richard beat the drum with vigor, and the escort included old and young, white "gentlefolk" and red men. Hannah had another thrill of excitement and joy when, as she waited for her turn to join the procession, she heard Miles Standish ask, as he walked past with Governor Winthrop, "Isn't that the Garrett girl whose father died from the frost? She was in Plymouth for several weeks last year!" To think the great fighter should remember her! He looked much better in his uniform, which he always wore on "state occasions," as Dr. Fuller

had said. Later she *might* get courage to ask him how Lorea Standish and Betty Alden were.

Pungent odors of roasts and vegetables, suet puddings and home-made brew filled the air about the Governor's house for some time before the distinguished guests were seated at the long table for the "feast." Some of Hannah's bayberry candles gave light and color; bunches of laurel and lupin, that she had gathered, decorated the damask linen which her mother had spun. Mistress Winthrop gave directions for "the watchers and the drummer" to be served in the kitchen, after the roasts of venison and fowl had been carved and apportioned for the "Governor's table." Here were seated the Plymouth captain, the deputies and their wives, Mistress Thomas Dudley and Increase Nowell, Simon Bradstreet and his wife, Anne, and Samuel Dudley and his wife, Mary Winthrop, Hannah and her mother assisted Ann and the other maid-servants to "dish up" the food and send it in, properly garnished, on trays and trenchers.

As soon as she could slip out without being missed, Hannah tried to find Yawata and Winni-yata. The dark had fallen and she feared they had gone back to the Indian encampment; but the thoughtful Governor's Lady had not forgotten to

provide for the four Indians, Sagamore John and his son, Yawata and Winniyata. They were seated on the ground, in the rear of the house, enjoying generous shares of the spiced meat, Indian pudding, and home brew. Their hands were satisfactory implements for their use in eating. When Hannah took the hand of Winniyata, to show her welcome, she found it warm and sticky. By signs the two girls exchanged their joy at this reunion. Yawata seemed to understand Hannah when she explained that Winniyata should come to the Garrett home the next day and see her mother.

“We will have much to tell you, goodwife, about the days in Plymouth and the friendly messages from Governor Bradford and his Lady, and others who have sent you greetings and gifts,” said Governor Winthrop. “You will find the story of how the young Indian girl—what is her name?—was gambled for and finally won for Sagamore John, another interesting part of our tale. But now, tell me how have affairs gone in this colony in our absence? Everything seems quite as prosperous and peaceful as when we are here. Is that not so, Deputies?” He turned, with a smile, to Thomas Dudley and Increase Nowell.

“Speak you, Simon Bradstreet, for the stay-at-homes,” said Margaret Winthrop, “and tell the

Governor and our military guest—what exciting events have taken place in Boston in his absence!"

"If my memory serves me right, there is a Fable among those by Phædrus which, if translated from the Latin, would read, 'Things are not always what they seem.'" Thus did Simon Bradstreet, the scholar, begin his story of the plot which had been discovered and foiled during the absence of Governor Winthrop and his Councillors. With modesty, he said little of his part in the affair but he stressed the bravery and good judgment of Samuel Dudley.

"No, Governor," young Dudley interrupted, "the *real* hero of these three days is Richard Garrett. He and his sister first heard of this plot—or it was told to him by Yawata. He has shown remarkable judgment and courage."

"Where is Richard Garrett?" The Governor's serving-man came into the kitchen with this inquiry, a few minutes later.

"He has just started for the green to make sure there are no more prowlers or plotters about to-night, to spoil the home-coming feast of the Governor," explained Mistress Garrett.

"Call him back, if you can," the serving-man said to Ann. "He is sent for by Governor Win-

throp to join his party. He has heard how brave the lad has been the last three days, and he now sends for him a summons to a seat at the guest-table."

Ann and Hannah both started on a run after Richard, calling him so loudly that he feared some new peril was upon the Governor's house. When Hannah could get her breath to tell him what was wanted, that he was to return immediately and go in with the Governor and Miles Standish, he refused. "But you *must* come back, Richard, it is like a king's command and must be *obeyed*," she urged.

What an ordeal it seemed to the lad! He could watch alone at night, he could fight villains who plotted against the colony, he could easily kill rattlesnakes and wolves without a quiver—but now he was actually trembling when he entered the great room where the "gentlefolk" were feasting. Mistress Winthrop held out a hand and gave him a smile of reassuring welcome. The Governor said, "Sit you down, lad, and share our pudding and nuts and raisins!" Then he introduced him to Captain Miles Standish, saying, "This is Richard Garrett, Captain, young but valiant; I think we shall have to call him 'Richard the Lion-Hearted.'"

FROM BOSTON TO BOSTON

“Richard the Lion-Hearted!” Hannah heard the words of praise, as she stood with a trencher of nuts and a pitcher of home brew, to be handed on to the serving-man. She nearly dropped the pitcher and she did hold the trencher at such a slant, in her joyful agitation, that several nuts rolled off and across the kitchen floor, to the delight of Stephen’s playful kitten. Nuts! What were they? or what did anything else matter, she asked herself in her excitement.

“Oh, Mother! Mother!” she said, hurrying to put her arms about her mother, as soon as she was relieved of nuts and brew. “Mother, did *you* hear what Governor Winthrop called our Richard? ‘Richard the Lion-Hearted’! Oh, I am so happy! Mistress Winthrop gave me this beautiful brooch, Winniyata has come to Boston, and Richard has been given this great honor by Governor Winthrop. All on my birthday! Mother, it is the happiest day in my life!”

THE END





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